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Spooky Spoke

by Fernando Firstater

Blurb

These words about the book are not impartial. I am the writer but now won't be his peddler too.

I don't feel the obligation to put up an honest blurb for Spooky. I do not agree with the argument stating that readers must be told in advance about the contents of a book or movie.

If you want me to summarize the argument and I do, nothing will last of the book reduced to an unlikely story of talking dogs performing in theaters, street life lifestyle, running away from western civilization, dying more than once, being cloned into thousands copies, flying to Bolivia and begging in Chile, that's it. You got the idea and I lose a reader.

Spooky, in my opinion, is a great subject for a book and this one I'm presenting today isn't bad, it destiles a kind of melancholic friendship of two individuals in spite of their differences amidst great difficulties.

It refers to Israel, has plenty of allusions to and could be amusing for the Israeli public.

I am sure they never saw themselves as I depict them and this will be the main attraction.

Second part is less interesting because Spooky and I are languishing in Bolivia and those developments are devoid of interest for readers.

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The day Spooky died

That day I lost my job and my dog.

I came home and Spooky was dead under the bed baring his teeth in the rictus of one last convulsion.

I could imagine his pain and desperation while dying after eating his daily portion of yogurt .

I couldn't hold him in my arms , instead I put the body inside a bag and threw the corpse into the sewer.

I really didn't want to do that but I felt compelled and I did.

Then I started to drink vodka wishing to die this way and I can't tell how long I stayed unconscious while the dog was rotting and everybody could smell the foul stink coming from the underground .

That was the end,I had one loaded gun ,the first bullet was for Korchak , the others were for me.

Goodbye blue sea.

Goodbye boat and goodbye eagle.

I wanted to be on that boat but now I'm going down the drain.

I found six little dogs into a cardboard box

You are reading a new story of Spooky.

This is the story of a friendship that overcame death,the story of me and my dog.

One day I was cycling on my way to Ramat Gan when I saw a car stopping on the shoulder of the highway. The driver got outside, abandoned a cardboard box on the ground and left.

My first assumption was that the man had dumped the corpse of a dead dog as they often do.

Usually I do not feel any curiosity for the deeds of my fellows urban dwellers but anyway I came close to take a look thinking that maybe the box was full of clothes fitting me but instead I found six new born puppies with their eyes still closed and crawling one over the other, moving uncomfortably out of their mother's womb.

There was no shade anywhere and everything was going to boil very soon. Here in the coastal plain the sun is the natural killer drying everybody's brains and it gives you few minutes before draining your life away. This is the hard fact but the rest is less explainable.

I didn't rescue them, I couldn't raise dogs in my room and wasn't my duty to care of stray dogs, lost dogs, newborn dogs found by the street but I like animals, I love dogs and decided to take one for me and held a male, the strongest, hoping the others may die quickly and painlessly in that heat. I just turned the box upside down and saw the puppies crawling on the dirt without direction now having a better chance to survive.

Why people is so careless?

Why they don't throw the unwanted dogs to the sea?

Put the whole litter into a bag and drown them inside a bucket is the quickest way to kill dogs. That's the way to do, a protracted agony is unacceptable.

Again I was impressed by the cruelty of Jews.

We were in Israel and this was between us, nobody else was to blame this time but I must concede that this disregard for life is more a matter of indifference than a deliberate choice for evil.

Here all is done in a hurry without a second thought and practicality is one of the highest values in people's mind besides the fun and the comfort.

Anyway I wasn't really moved that much because life is so abundant that minor losses won't change too much.

We all are used to think that way, I'm not the exception.

I was late,I wasn't looking for troubles and that afternoon my kindness was limited by the heat and the dry wind and my only real preoccupation was to drink some water on my way to Ramat Gan.

I suppose that them all died soon the same day and for me was a forgotten issue without knowing that latter on Spooky would reproach me the abandon and murder of his brothers as he put it once.

I took the puppy to my workplace while he was unaware of anything and later, already at home I gave him milk but he showed a distaste for the milk of mother cow.

-Listen you baby,drink or die,drink everything I give you.

A dog's life is better than nothing, beggars can't be choosy.

I am Fernando,your friend and your father is God,the giver of life,the creator of the Universe and your mother was poor bitch, the only blameless contributor of all this process.

I always like to think that I was predestined to the uncommon and therefore cannot betray my obligations.Of course I recognize that I should have done better and this is why I ask for more lives to live.

I'm a Sagittarius jew riding an unhelpful horse.This and nothing else.

One of twelve different kinds of men in the roulette of destinies and in this drama each one follows his assigned script, no one is free and therefore no one is to blame.

Madame Presto

The day I brought him home he drank a lot of milk and went to sleep for weeks embracing two teddy bears in my bed.

One day he opened his eyes and I understood it was time for him to enjoy the company of other dogs and learn to run in circles after his tail and for that I took him to Madame Presto because she had many good dogs to share with, sniff their asses and learn telepathy, if they have such a thing.

I wished my dog to be able to defend himself when the need arises so I asked her not to train him in any way because that could harm his chances to find his own solutions and she laughed.

No one of her dogs were obedient to the human voice, she raised only independent and free ones in her big balcony .

She laughed again and said she was too old to care of a baby ,take him downstairs to pee and so on,so was to me to clean the floor once a day and bring the baby food.

- Of course, no problem Madam,I will do that.

Then she asked me how long will take for little Spooky to complete his education and I said that two months should be enough and she agreed.

Puppies grow fast and to make her happy I started to bring her the random books I found by the street but in Roumanian I didn't find anything then I brought her two middle use computer keyboards, three CPU and one half new monitor.

It wasn't hard to plug and make it run. One afternoon the computer started and the first thing we saw was hundred of photos , portraits, birthday's parties, marriages, common people looking almost real and immediately she took interest on that .

People on the screen were everywhere and in growing numbers.

She recognised one or two of them, she found old acquaintances from Rehovot and from Haifa while the others were new faces for her, enigmas. And soon she saw the computer as one new kind of a crystal ball, the dream tool for finding the solution for her problems .

At that moment I knew that I succeeded more than expected, now she was going to be busy looking for meaningfulness in the memory hard disk instead of acting risking behaviours like that man alone in the beach having only a small shovel and a little bucket to do everything. I remember the hardship of that old man at the beach rebuilding everyday the very same sand castle he has made the day before. Was in winter time, cold and windy but he continued his game indifferent to the waves washing the shore. He had a problem within and was trying to solve it. So, in comparison I thought the computer was preferable for my lady friend. Having no money I couldn't set her an internet connection and hoped that somehow and soon she will connect to the web.

She was one of those women that never married because no man suited her and spent years alone working at home on a sewing machine. She raised a niece who grew up and went away to never come back and the computer should be of help to find her niece and not lose faith.

The Ariela events hall

I was dishwashing at the Ariela Events Hall and I liked it. There was so much food and for the first time I could eat Turkish, Iranian, Moroccan and Yemeni dishes, all tasted wonderful and I wanted more.

My job consisted in washing dishes and more dishes and thank God I worked alone since the food came from the catering and waitresses never came into my kitchen. I could hear them chatting outside but I preferred to ignore them, the same way they ignored me.

Making dishes was an unappealing menial work but the only important was to be free and such uncompromising assignments as cleaning or watch over a Caterpillar trapped in the desert allowed me the only kind of inner freedom I could enjoy in the realm of capitalistic relations.

I was a young man with plenty of time to do any job they gave me and for me it was a kind of living a second life, a strange formative one as a proletarian and the other was me.

I had a lot of food, soft drinks, wine, beer and sometimes I found many small things people leave behind in their joy and subsequent hurry as lighters, keys, umbrellas, contact lenses and small coins I gave to the birds. But also nice sheets and towels, the presents the just married didn't liked and left behind, and over time four holstered guns, the usual stuff people carry for the unavoidable encounter with the attackers. I know I shouldn't have taken those guns but I did and brought them home.

In the meantime I was introducing changes in my daily routine as switching the places of forks, spoons and knives and to use my right hand in spite that I'm left handed, then gradually increasing the difficulty level of the game but all that drill was magical thinking leading to fiasco and alcoholism.

I was doing the dishwashing in a kind of "waiting time" mode because I had anything better to do until I found Spooky and brought him to the kitchen, then everything started to change.

Ari, my boss, allowed me to keep the dog in the kitchen if he wasn't going to bother the clients.

This is why I taught him not to bark for any reason and to keep silent but I allowed him to express himself figuratively in his mind and maybe that was the beginning of the abstract thinking and his humanisation.

He spent those months sitting in silence in the kitchen, most of the time under the sink sucking the cottage cheese and hummus from the dishes,

always tasting this or that, but dogs only eat what they need and when satisfied Spooky turned away and went to sleep.

He was so small that I could carry him inside the backpack during the twenty minutes ride to the Ariela Hall and every time was very bad for him to cope with the dread of staying forever stuck in the dark and once outside he danced making the same comical gestures of happiness to celebrate the fresh air and the sunlight of the world .

Those days we were alone and together and nobody tried to separate us, it was our happy time and the radio sounded loud and clear .

In Israel I've always listened to the army radio station. I was literally hooked, I was the fixed listener, listen to the radio was my passion.

I listened to the Israel Defense Force radio station because I had nothing special to think in the kitchen and with them I could learn good Hebrew and by the way many other things became clear to me.

At the beginning I was grateful for the company without knowing what would happen.

Every day was more exciting than the day before.

Sometimes it was hard to follow up with that rhyme, anyway I wanted more. They were my gurus and even if at the station they were unaware about me it doesn't affected the reality of my experience.

Almost all the subjects interested me excluding sports and the Friday's morning soldier's joyful gathering, that sounded too forced to be true .

For me sports was a distant noise unable to hinder the presence of something different embedded in the discourse.

I never knew why I could listen the hidden message while others couldn't .

A message for the real Hebrew people , it's responsibilities and obligations, but that part I couldn't understand integrally. Was I an upstart meddling in other's business?

My reaction was to accept it as a privilege, a burden and a fatality even if it revealed to be counterproductive, an handicap at the hour of finding a job and keeping it.

An objective- subjective experience that at the same time was complicating my day to day life because listening voices coming from the radio was hard to cope for anyone but anyway I kept participating in the experience with my best forces .

I learned that every decision, everything you do become a part of the bigger picture and even the little stories have a meaning.

I liked very much the statement that God is on our side holding our sword meanwhile I suffered from hunger in that kitchen with my ego hovering over my head.

The radio spoke all the time and I couldn't live without.

I needed that voice and I saw Spooky raising his ears getting more and more close to the loudspeaker .

He was assuredly undergoing the same as me.

I saw him absorbing all that and it was not exactly easy music and fun and cheers but a very serious search for meaning.

That's why today I can say that Spooky learned everything he knew listening the Army radio.

One day he was uttering sounds looking confused and ashamed .The turmoil in his mind was unstoppable and started a stupid dog talk resulting more repellent by his hoarse voice.

They usually do the same sniffing, peeing, defecating and sleeping the most they can. They are only a bundle of instincts and mechanisms.

What was the point to give speech, may be a soul, to a dog with a limited life experience and forever out of human's affairs?

He was only an aberrant dog talking nonsense.

Something made him grow vocal chords but his brain never leap forward.

I tried to teach him some Spanish but he could not take much.
They are less gifted than monkeys or whales, their brains are too small to hold intelligence and they will never have .
They will end for ever smashed under the car's wheels and I am sorry for that but is not my problem.

At the beginning I felt pity for him and when he started babbling I remembered that once he had taken a blow in the head falling from the divan when he was a baby and maybe this was temporary but my best hypothesis was a non consented divine intervention and this kind of thinking was somehow scary and flattering at the same time.
No one can live with this idea in mind so I put it aside and did the practical job I was accountable for.

I don't know why God gave intelligence and speech to this furry quadruped with a dancing tail but I guess it was a positive signal for life on earth.
He was the first dog to think straight and speak with a clear voice but shortly after him came other dogs to the general attention and these beings were part of the continuous creation of life and consciousness.

I remember when we were riding the bike in downtown Tel Aviv and everybody looked friendly and smiled at us in sympathy but then nobody heard him guiding me with his stiff instructions:
-Take to the left. Left, again to the left, then turn to the right. He was afraid of speed because dogs are unprepared for modernity but everything he did later in his life was done using the touch screen of his personal computer and my help.

At the beginning Spooky draw everyone's attention, one dog like him couldn't get by inadvertently.
People was startled by the phenomenon of the first true talking dog .
Certainly we had very few supporters but quickly started to pop up critics

coming from all existing worldviews. Of course as always the broad majority was mainly indifferent to the question.

Following the last survey people don't want dogs to develop verbal abilities and only the minority doesn't care but independently of people's likes a new generation of exceptional dogs is coming.

I've heard about one ridiculous dog working for a famous brand of watches and other one preaching the imminent return of Jesus Christ.

I see now how much new dogs resemble to mankind and follow men in their folly.

Spooky never learned to read very well. He dropped the reading in the middle and never reached the end.

Once he said that the book wasn't in the dog's language.

- Spooky, what are you talking about?

He replied that one day dogs will have their own language.

It showed that he wanted to give the ability of speech to all the existing dogs of the world and that was an amazing thing.

Later with the Internet he was fascinated by the usual videos for illiterates and became an amateur of the wildest animal sex videos.

The Internet brought him the usual dog's stuff of happy and healthy young dogs running on the beach and he loved that but in maturity he thought to liberate them from the human yoke and separate their destinies.

That was the start of his discourse of redemption.

One night in Ariela Spooky stealthy and treacherously walked out of the kitchen attracted by the smell and the music.

I was absorbed in my thoughts brushing a pan from the inside when noted that he wasn't there anymore then I took off my apron and entered the hall.

I am a good looking working class man.

In true no one would say I am the cleaning man and then one beautiful girl came forward and kissed me hello.

-You are welcome,she said pressing her body to mine.I liked very much her long red hair on my face and didn't move away but she pushed me off. Later I understood that the ginger was placed on the first ring of one smart defense layer.

It looked like that little Spooky had been running as a possessed around the tables and people's legs attracting the general attention and now he was delighted eating smorgasbord from a big plate someone set for him on the floor.

When he saw me he came crawling begging my forgiveness.

I took him in my arms and said in a low voice:

- Later you will see the high price you will pay for this ,but I was only thinking to suppress him sweets and desserts.

Then a bald man stepped out of the crowd and came smiling to sell me the latest KIA model,the one with the Argo brakes.

-No, no, no,I said I only want my dog and finish washing the dishes.

He stared at me from up to down and pressed one button in his belt then two guards came and escorted me swiftly to the kitchen saying to stay quiet in my place because they were very annoyed.

It surprised me because I wasn't aware they knew me.

That night Uri,my boss came saying there had been complaints about dirty dishes and glasses with visible finger stains,he forbade me to bring pets with me or be fired. He was also going to deduce three days, twenty four hours from my paycheck and ordered not to take the leftovers and throw it into the garbage in order to keep the business turning.

But the new conditions set by him were impossible to meet .

I knew that too many sanctions were only the preamble of the end,I was losing the job.

He was going to search for another man to do the job and make a telephone call to a manpower agency was quick made.

The landlord killed Spooky

Many are the dogs dying from poisoning because they trespassed into the neighbor's garden.

Spooky never bothered anyone but from the beginning Korchak didn't liked him.

He said I wasn't allowed to bring dogs from the street and Kristo, his dog, wasn't liking Spooky and they never would make friends.

He said that puppies were dirty, urinate on the floor, they chew shoes and tear everything and of course spoil the garden, his bigger argument.

That was one of the first hints of a persistent hate ending in my dog's assassination. Spooky died after eating the poisoned yogurt given by Korchak, I am sure of that.

In the meantime Spooky grew happily in the courtyard without even suspect he was going to die, he was two years old and could expect a long and happy life but everything ended in an ugly way.

Confronted with the threats of Korchak I went to the tribunal for small causes to have my civil rights recognised thinking social life is a contract to review each time one differences appears.

Is true I was only renting the smallest and cheapest room at the backyard but I was paying for it.

I declared that never before demanded nothing from the men's justice but since I had this dog everything changed, I loved him and promised to tend him always well and was awaiting for the Court positive response.

In his counterattack Korchak said he knew from the time when I was living on the street, sleeping on the sidewalk until he gave me a place to stay at the flat roof before I got into the room in the backside.

He remarked that I was uneducated, never saying good morning and never got a permanent job and by the way I was ill educating my poor little dog with my bad example.

It had been useless to steer the issue by logics and reasoning because it's impossible to solve deep mental problems at the legal level .

The subconscious is stronger than everything and reigns over men and folks as Korchak may also become murders.

Spooky died poisoned by our landlord with an overdose of cyanide in his baby yogurt. Later I saw the small envelope inside an empty package of chips.

Who else could have done it?

I should have expected that from him. Taking revenge on a small life was in his shape of heart.

He is a hateful and embittered old man treating his dog in a mechanical way taking him outside five minutes twice a day always making an immediate return indoors.

I guess the miserable gives him only one meal per day. It is in his frame of mind and killing was there too.

Now I can see how vengeance reverberate creating a chain of actions and reactions where nothing is lost and everything goes on forever under new forms ,but also love, without doubt.

That cold November morning Korchak was waiting for me at the entry. He was very upset since the death of Kristo and now was demanding me to take my dog away .

Then Korchak was out of job, nobody was taking his piano lessons and he had been unable to give a good burial to Kristo and I prefer not to know what he did with the corpse.

It was true that Korchak looked much older after all the suffering he had been through but we both knew how it was going to end.

One of these days he was going to buy a new dog from the pet shop around the corner, this time a little princess with a red hair bun because as everybody else he was used to buy, use and throw and I bet that before the end of the week he would bring the youngest available female.

He told me that Spooky had been weeping and he didn't know what to do. He gave him biscuits and yogurt but Spooky was not hungry, ate almost nothing and continued to cry.

Outside Mr. Korchak was watching attentively by the door ajar.

He said:

- Your dog has been crying all day long and yesterday too.
- Why didn't you tell me yesterday?
- I couldn't tell you, I was burying my own dog.
- What happened to him?
- I don't know, he just died from old age, he never complained of anything before.
- You are not a bad man, Mr. Korchak
- No, I am suffering for Kristo, my poor dog.

That morning Spooky wasn't willing to accompany me and remained alone in the room playing with the two Barbies and the Big Jim.

The play was more than a game for him because the unceasingly kissing, biting and patting were his early efforts to attain communication with humans.

He never got tired of the kissing and biting and he talked to them waiting for a reply.

He wanted to animate those little human like toys and I never understood how was possible to do so many things with only the mouth, tongue and teeth.

Dogs live comfortably in two worlds, that is why they sleep that much.

He liked very much to stay plugged to my sleeping machine tuned to the lowest and I believed it was good for his early mind awakening.

I liked to humanize dogs as more as possible talking them frankly and looking into their eyes.

Every death is a killing

In one day I lost the job and my dog.

I came home to find Spooky dead, rigid under the bed baring the teeth in a rictus of the last convulsion.

I could imagine the pain of dying with cyanide and in desperation I threw the body to the sewer.

I didn't want to do that but I felt compelled and I did.

Then I started to drink vodka looking for the death myself and can't tell how long I was unconscious while the dog was rotting downstairs and everybody could smell the foul stink coming from the underground.

This is the end,I have four loaded guns ,the first bullet will be for Korchak and the others for me.

Goodbye blue sea.

Goodbye boat and goodbye eagle.

I wanted to be on that boat and now I'm going down the drain.

Nursing Spooky

The day Spooky died I couldn't pull the trigger.

I was floating on vodka and nothing else mattered.

One morning Korchak was calling me very excited.

He heard a dog crying at the underground shelter.

I ran downstairs ready to find one motionless and inconsolable ghost but instead Spooky was looking very sick ,awake and wagging the tail.

The poison couldn't finish him,dogs are strong beings.

Spooky once ate a living cockroach.

Dogs can eat every kind of garbage,they ate corpses in the war and can drag babies out of the cradle and devour them when they turn wild.

Once I saw a dog digging in the sand fetching small beach crabs and cows eating full buckets of delicious cashew fruit in Brazil.

This is possible,now everything is possible because the world is changing all the time.

Our neurons multiply ,a new species of fish has hot blood, another species whistles under water and I am not against ,I am amused with the changes and hope to one day be given with more emotional endurance than I have today.

I carried him to the room and on the way he vomited over my neck as babies do.

Mr. Korchak was astonished to see Spooky alive wishing his Kristo back but that was impossible because natural death has no solution. I was annoyed nursing a sick dog when I must go to work. If I only had a girlfriend to help me.One girl is not too much to ask and if she is cooperative is a treasure for any man.

Mr. Korchak was calling me again:

-Do you need money for the doctor? He said

-No, I can't accept.You are too much good with us.

-Take,take and buy him the best.

-Thank you Mr. Korchak and by the way did you see if he ate something from the floor?

- No,not really but I gave him a handful of the cat food my poor Kristo liked so much. You can have more,take, take,help yourself.

-Yes, I said,thank you and where did you buy the food? I asked .

-Oh, Madame Presto gave me the food left by her late dog Edemus, bioeco spinachs and shrimps, about half a kilogram .

At that moment I understood I was confronted to a string of killings I promised to investigate.

Who is the killer, is death contagious, is there a logic to be found, who will be next?

These are long dating questions I will try to settle.

After ten days of caring smiles and sweet milk Spooky was again on his four legs and one week later he said No for the first time.

The proof he was getting well was one afternoon in the park when he became insane at the sight of a female of his species and bite my hand holding the lash while shouting words of passion to that glamorous female.

-Stupid Spooky, you must wait one million years for her to come.

Stupid Spooky, she is deft, only a body with no soul, she is only smell and fur, she cannot love you because you are different.

Stupid, mesmerized dog at the sight of a swinging tail. You have thirty six words for poop and she doesn't care.

Don't be a fool, don't waste your time with her.

The room at the roof and the cellar downstairs

We had a rented room at the terrace warmed by the sun of the nearest Mediterranean sea three blocks away.

I put the Israeli flag for shade and hung my Brazilian hammock looking like a displaced object belonging to another space-time continuum trying to fit somehow in the new environment.

In summertime the terrace was perfect for sleeping on the floor under the

moonlight beside the old washing machines and fridges left behind by generations of renters but sometimes mosquitos drove us inside.

The city sleeps late tired of itself and many can't rest at all. Those people can't stay alone and keep walking through the streets looking for satisfaction, love, drugs, social acceptance and money needing always more of each but we were different, much more introspective and stayed calm in the storm sitting at home reading old newspapers because the old papers shed another light to the present .

When Korchak bought the house in the fifties found a nondescript basement in the property.

It looks like the underground had been dug by Jewish smugglers in order to hide illegal wine but in recent times the place filled up with the kind of things people try to keep out of sight during a lifetime . For instance my broken bicycle was there waiting for welder.

Yesterday Korchak told us to go to the underground and hide there . Now he is taking very seriously our combat for self determination and I welcome the fact that isn't too late for him to change sides.

In life everything has its time and is always better to give things their real proportions so we only needed to hide and disappear one year waiting ,with luck, for all this mess to be forgotten.

The basement was damp and dark and I always intended to change the bulb but never recalled . As a reminder I hurt my head taking a strong blow hitting the low ceiling.

There are no toilets and the place smells of decay and may be of a dead dry mouse but Spooky says it's not it .

I carried a mattress, installed the antenna for the radio and brought many bottles of water, bread, margarine, tomatoes and eggs to make shakshuka.

During our downstairs exile I was ignored by the lawyer and his aids. They wanted to take the dog but we didn't allow them to have Spooky.

The beginnings of the show

In our search for a solution we understood that hide or run away were not advanced strategies and we could do better .

Sometimes you have to watch the danger in the eyes as the fakir does hypnotizing the mortal Cobra serpent with a flute or those travelers who succeeded to foil the attack of wolves playing Mozart on the violin.

So we should try to please and amuse a specific segment of the Israeli society,earn their affection and by then our fortune and .

I approved his decision never thinking that flattering the monster was humiliating .

It had to be tried and we put our pride aside.

One day Spooky saw on YouTube one ugly dog dancing Tchaikovsky Swan Lake ballet in a disgraceful and unpleasant manner,it was a ridiculous and self-deprecating presentation but that gave him the idea of doing much better and to show what a real clever dog can do .

And after one week of rehearsals we put together the duo "Spooky and Dani " and made some funny videos for YouTube.

The most successful was the rebel dog refusing to obey his master and with a handful of gags we got half a million hits in the first four hours but nothing else in the following days .

This is how was born the Spooky night show with the first true dog artist of Israel.

Spooky, the comedian hit the imaginations of many and arises in them the desire to buy the dog ,many wanted one like him and soon the theatre was plenty of people laughing and clapping hands without any perception of the cosmic intelligence behind this newcomers creatures only seen as circus entertainers.

We started with the classic stuff : the man command and his dog comply.

-Spooky, please bring me the letter Aleph.

And he jumped inside a blue swimming pool containing hundreds of those big Hebrew letters in use in the kindergartens.

-Bravo, good dog, take,have a cookie.

I was giving him plenty of those cookies filled with vitamins since I saw his real market value.

-Spooky please take the wheel and drive your car at high speed on a mountain road.

This was so funny that children shouted throwing him candies.

In the meantime, together we are making money.

This century allows the out of common in art and the spectacle.

Here in the West anyone can express his feelings,put his thoughts over the table,sing a song or show his ass .

Spooky is a born artist and likes to make the show.All the ingredients are in place to make business and with his skills we have no limits.

There is a black cat singing strange melodies at the Odeon but he doesn't talk when my Spooky perform theatre,recite poems and make conversation with the public at stage.

Precise in his role,dressed in black with white pawns , he likes to change hats and we have twenty different hats fitting him .My job is to dress and undress,take hats off and put hats on.

Officially I am the sound and lights assistant, owner and manager and at the end of the day I go to the cashier and take the money .

Spooky would never sit and drink with other men than me.

I'm his master and nobody else will accept his bad temper and incessant criticism.

For him I am a borderline, you are dumb, everyone is stupid and humanity is doomed but he recognizes the advantages of his association with me .

I carry the bags and cook while he keep watching thoughtfully, stay dozing on the floor or went outside to take a walk.

We have had many discussions about our respective importance in the show.

He is the main figure but the original idea was mine and finally after his last outburst we reached the actual agreement.

He will have forty percent of the incomes to invest in his planet Clavia and buy more hats and the rest is for me .

With time running out my health is going to deteriorate. The medical care will consume my savings and as expected death will follow and I want to be prepared for the rest.

I'm searching for afterlife, not to be erased or dispersed in atoms as many others seems to accept in a very light hearted mood.

I don't care about the body going to the grave but I want to keep my mind alive.

I can imagine a continuation in a never ending connection with the Internet. At this point I don't think this can be done using hooks and clamps and also in this issue we have to trust in God, if he is everywhere he has to be on the Internet too.

Common sense says that if it can be done we shall have it .

Success was new and for the first time I was appreciated by what I am in my new country but we were also experimenting the dark side of this country :

Korchak raised the rent and the National Insurance Institute threatened to make us a hell going till blocking us to exit the country if we didn't pay our debt with the institution.

At the same time the president of Iran claimed to have two atomic bombs ready to go and wanted to make an essay in Antarctica risking to melt everything there. Now Security Council was in their hands and they will choose the place for the explosions.

At home we were in the mire of extremist Jewish religious groups, their activists coming every night bringing bloody severed dog's heads they hung to the trees outside the theatre.

The religious people wait for the Messiah and were very reluctant towards Spooky they considered a distortion of the red cow forgetting that we never said that he was a sign or some signal from the sky. He was only a gifted dog sent by God and no more.

Evolution can astonish us as if we were playing a concert without knowing the partition

Spooky was revolted to see the bloody heads and wanted to stop the spectacle.

The public was afraid but nevertheless demanding more fun from us but the worst was a Fatwa issued by Qom against evildoers and many assumed the commission to kill Spooky indicated as an enemy of the true faith.

One billion men were engaged in the task and our chances of survival depended upon the separation wall, the readiness of military and the lability of the national's interests against single personal wellbeing, I preferred not to think.

The Rialto cancelled our spectacle and from Buenos Aires the largest Jewish organization expressed their disgust and declared us persona non grata.

Spooky said that if everything was getting speed around us then he was going to tell everything to his public and I was unable to deter him.

Now we were at the Odeon.

I remember that memorable night when Spooky spoke:

“Please gentleman do not shoot ,nobody has to die in here and you ladies don't piss your pants when a dog like me sends you all his regards”

Everyone remained open-mouthed even if they knew the cat singing french melodies coming after us on the same scenario but it wasn't equally appreciated because also down people can do very complex mathematical calculations, a strange specialisation close to the French cat performance.

The theater was full, everybody was waiting for his words for mankind.

People sat in a kind of religious silence when the curtains were lifted showing a dog sitting still under the spotlights.

Suddenly he stood on his two rear legs and started to walk back and forth absorbed in his thoughts.

It lasted only a couple of minutes but the public could not resist the rising tension and started to whistle while others shouted calling us a scam.

Then Spooky spoke :

“Okay, you paid for the show and you will have your piece of dog. Here we don't give the money back.

Hey you, the bald over there. Yes, you with the blonde.

Is she yours or just felt on you on the row?

Why did you marry that woman if today she is devouring me with her eyes because I am the most attractive dog she has seen and for sure I will not be the last one. Beware of that woman”

Proving with these words to have a normal human soul inside a dog's body, a tragedy in itself behind the fun.

Sometimes Spooky is questioned about how he started to speak and he always says the same :

“God has different projects, his imagination is unlimited and likes to create new beings .Creation was not complete and here we come”

“Tonight I have a good story to tell you:

I am in love with a lovely bitch and she loves me too but she is taller than me and we can't do it. We have tried every single possible position but our encounters had always left us unsatisfied and exhausted.

It's despairing and in our mating delirium she runs away from me on her long beautiful legs and I run after her and just in the climax of our desire one stray dog sees what we are in and comes he too. Immediately the instinct, treasure of knowledge of our species through history tells he what is happening here and what to do.

I stop running and see, we are prey and predator like fish living in the sea, no difference, the same mechanisms everywhere you go.

Instincts drives our lives.

The bitch must run provocatively inciting males to go after her. We males run absorbed in our vision and our desire until the fitting one catch her, at that moment naturally she receives him. That's the way is done and nobody can't change facts but that's not the most important part interesting me. Mixing genes is all okay, I want to work on the mating and introduce romanticism.

Our love didn't exist before and doesn't last beyond the coitus. We even don't know our names.

During the act we don't see our faces and when passion is over we must remain stuck one to the other for an infinite length of time while the other dogs of the instant formed pack keep watching but that third dog, the voyeur, cannot be nature, is culture.

People had always said:

This dog is very intelligent and only lacks to speak.

-Yes, I can speak and I am the one always around watching from aside.

The ventriloquist dog

I am Dani, the puppet of the drama and Spooky is the ventriloquist dog.
We are artists in the variety spectacle. This is art for money.
Our act comes between the magician, a liar and the contortionist, a mute
who only can twist arms and legs .

In this routine I am the puppet and Spooky speaks with my voice.
He explains that I've lost the speech following an unspecified big surprise .
At the escenario I open and close the mouth showing that nothing comes
out .
I am speechless before the public and now Spooky talks with my voice .
We finish when a voice in off shouts us to shut up .
The order is restored and I speak again, the dog barks and people relax
forgetting that effectively the dog spoke.

We do this for a living but also for the air ticket and
a one thousand dollars in our pocket and with that we can leave meanwhile
we eat bread , margarine and eggs.

I have no hands

I am Spooky and have no hands so Dani takes care of me.

With my paws I only can scratch my fur but I don't do anymore since I am a clever dog ,these are the downsides of my condition.

I am the artist of this piece and since we started to work together we improved our quality of life and now we can have almost everything we want.

We eat Shawarma every day and save money for the tickets.

We started performing only three months ago and today we see a fall in the general interest for our spectacle "Dani presents the Spooky comic show " meanwhile the dancing dolphins are taking over in the parade but we don't mind because everything has an end and better you have a plan B and that is why we are searching for a good country with mild winters and fresh summers and apparently there is one of these characteristics: Mauritius, a big island set to dive in the Indian ocean in the term of ten years. That's exactly what is going to happen and we want to enjoy before it sinks.

In the meantime Korchak, the landlord is raising the rent with the argument that we are two and two pay more than one.

Also the new room we moved in has a window and with window cost more. Here everything is getting more and more expensive. I want to bite but I can't go biting everybody so the better is to leave.

I like to stay with Dani but this is not the case for all of us since the vast majority of dogs thinks it should be better to live far from humans, in community with our brothers and sisters and in order to help them to build that place I need a lot of money and human contribution.

We have a homepage for you to contact us.

Our page is: smallcountry.com

We want a small,small country for us .You can come to visit.You are welcome.

Project Clavia

Spooky wasn't a perfect being, he was unsure, contradictory and uneasy, he didn't know what he wanted and this is what I liked of him. He was a lovely and delicate dog having a unique grace, reliant and very curious but all that changed when the persecution started and we had to hide at the basement.

In his maturity and having all his resources he sincerely believed in his mission of freeing dogs from the men's yoke and separate their destinies. Spooky became obstinate and more anxious than ever.

He was unhappy and obsessed by his destiny in the new world without humans.

Spooky once said :

-You made us slaves, animals for your pleasure, we forgot to hunt and those braves living by themselves without serving a master are hated everywhere. We must take distance from humans and for that we are going to build Clavia, grow our proteins to finish with your infamous dog's feeding. We can, believe me Fernando.
Help us to build Clavia.

-Hey, look at the Internet, isn't that good for you?

-Yes, is great. You made a super mind at your image but it's not for us, in Clavia we will have really true wireless and you know what I mean.

Yeah, I understood, he meant telepathy.

He is obsessed with Clavia and the extraordinary dogs he will gather there.

He is four years old and aware that dogs live average ten twelve years then he has decided to make the money, board a rocket, go to Clavia and start a new dog's civilisation .

I wasn't surprised because the day before we were watching a documentary about the birth of Israel.

-Spooky ,I must remind you that resources and land are limited. You are a small minority. You can't make it. Can't go on forever. The tensions will grow and one day reach a climax and you be driven out. Look at the Jews once they understood rigidity was unsustainable they incorporated Palestinians to full citizenship and the country became a hybrid, that was a painful fusion.

I am sure it was a good idea to establish a national home for the weak and persecuted and to Israel surrounded by many enemies goes my thoughts.

He asked:

- Israel for Jews wasn't viable?

-Yes Spooky of course it was possible as Italy for Italians but Israelis made a lot of mistakes and enemies multiplied as mushrooms after the rain.

May be Jordan could have sold territory as Mexico sold lands to America but Israel did not want the people with the land and the second mistake was allowing Iran to become a superpower with a seat at the Security Council but after all Jews did not leave History as happened to Cathars or Arrians because Israelis slowly started associating with their former enemies.

-What about terrorists? asked Spooky

-Well, they have enclaves here and there remaining isolated and having only the capacity to carry small attacks killing sometimes dozens, rarely hundreds.

So if Israel could do it why don't you ?

You also can have your own planet, an island in the universe.

-Clavia, a dog's planet?

-Yes, can be yours if you find an empty one.

Half dog, half human he had the problems of both. And he started to elaborate on the manifested destiny of dogs, God's heritage and so on.

-Please Spooky, consider having Clavia just here as a second floor domain. Don't go far Spooky, don't leave me please.

Wingate is searching for us

Our life was rather pleasant until the day Wingate Neurosciences Institute claimed their right to research my dog's talent for the language and then came upon us the time to hide.

Dr. Ron David was charged with the dirty job of snatching the dog and no scientist came forward to explain to us how those tests were to be performed .

I was ignored and treated as a dumb because I didn't speak fluent modern Hebrew so they were allowed to do whatever they wanted.

Danger was closing, the world seemed plenty of resented people concealing all sort of bad intentions not always easy to perceive until it was too late and dogs like Spooky had to take a lot of care.

Then I forbade him to speak and made him use the muzzle because of those dog's haters outside were looking for trouble and he understood that our lives were at stake.

They wanted my dog but I didn't let them to have him.

The first time was easy to thwart the attempt of Wingate because the law was on our side.

In Israel the Constitution says very clear that everyone may have his or her dog and nobody can separate them for any reason. The bond between human and animal is recognised as permanent and inviolable.

The judge asked him few questions and accepted his arguments.

Spooky spoke stating clearly that he wasn't willing to donate his brain for research, period.

But Wingate's lawyers replied that the dog had been indoctrinated, animals aren't truly legal subjects before Justice and so on.

They introduced a very dangerous interpretation of the Halakhic law recommending the sacrifice of the self for the sake of humanity, meaning his life and never theirs.

Wingate was proposing me two hundred shekels a day plus two thousand more in case of sudden death during an experiment inside the Institute but Spooky was my last battle and I turned down their offer by asking forty shekels per hour.

They only wanted to open his throat and cut, crack the skull and look inside

.

They were not interested in his feelings and thoughts.

Was this evident disaffection for other's lives that made Spooky say that we are a failed species while dogs are better.

They have real affection one for the other with no distinction of races, shapes or colors because they relate straight soul to soul.

That was a little bit exaggerated but it shows how exasperated he was with us.

How to get away unrecognised

I think the more disgusting people were the odious freelance photographers roaming around us taking instant picks without asking before.

They came, shot twice or thrice and got away satisfied. Their repeated intrusion angered me a lot and I had several ugly scenes with them.

They didn't understand anything at all.

That was the new fashion for illiterates armed with cameras.

- Spooky please, pay attention, it is very important. I must change your hair color.

-What is color?

-Okay dog, do you want to take a bath today, yes?

-No, I don't want you to change my hair and anymore your hands on me.

-Listen dog, never forget who you are. There are bad scientists looking for a dog to make him all kind of experiments on his orifices and today I will paint you in black, do you understand?

But inside I was thinking to disable him by cutting his vocal chords.

-Can you sing? Come on, let's hear your nice voice.

And I launched the panic siren making him sing for me.

He showed a reproachful watch and howled during the following ten minutes.

When I cut off the sound he was crying like a baby and could argue no more.

I dipped him into a bucket plenty of henna and after that he was another dog to see, black, ashamed and humble.

But I wasn't feeling secure because TV had been reporting about an illegal alien supposed to be me, accompanied by a sick dog announcing the end of the world .

They never told the truth because Spooky only wanted to end dog's confinement on earth and create a new world, not to destroy this.

Now I must run away with my prodigious dog.

We can apply for asylum in France but talking dogs are a problem everywhere.

Now Egypt is in serious turmoil and make our way through Jordan, Syria, Turkey and Greece is our only option. I am confident to finally get to Italy.

The attack came from Wingate

That lawyer came from Wingate thinking I wouldn't understand and should sign whatever he wanted.

Dr. David was after Spooky and Korchak told him that I was working at a hotel in Eilat and I wouldn't give up the dog.

The lawyer was determined to take the dog and get the reward, he showed a detention order, one compulsory re-education order and one death sentence and with this ammunition he wanted to bargain .

He said that I could stay away from the problem but if I didn't deliver the dog then my Israeli nationality was to be revoked on the ground of dubious or false or fake Jewishness.

Now the Interior Ministry have the complete database and they can sort the grain from the weed.

My claims wouldn't be heard.

They could deport me to Argentina without any luggage and expel me out of Facebook too, all the worst for me.

That man had the big artillery.

What to do?

I had no time to wait for the return of the Labor Party to office because this government will continue forever but the help came from the sky .

The heatwave came with high temperatures and strong winds from hell. Electricity and water supplies failed.

Elder people perished of dehydration and thousands remained trapped down the bomb shelters for the duration of the emergency ,after abounded the stories of stench and nervous breakdowns.

Spooky was worrying because the dogs he had been talking to (and that wasn't true at all) intended to migrate to northern latitudes because of the worsening life conditions here.

Dogs can only sweat through their tongues and it shouldn't be enough to allow them to overcome the rising temperatures of the near future.

Spooky said that if man had destroyed his habitat then dogs are not to blame if they look ahead because solidarity must be reciprocal or not . But all this was only his imagination,a dog's imagination.

After the heat came the polar wind blowing everything in its path while we were comfortably installed downstairs listening to the news.

One night the biggest baobab at Montefiore Street crashed over Dr. David's car when he was masturbating before coming home killing him the way his mother had told him when he was only a boy.

That night Leni,the widow, was crying on TV news and I could send her a message asking for help.

She wanted to know more and I told her everything:

I was another victim of her late husband, my dog speak and Wingate Institute wanted him for their cruel experiments,it was unjust.

She agreed to help us following the intimate convictions of her loved husband and tell us to wait until midnight.

From her third floor she could see the crushed car under the killer tree .We waited in the cold wind.

It was the night of our deliverance. We saw a shadow hover holding a briefcase and at five minutes past twelve we found the lawyer's papers on the damaged driver seat, all was there. The folder Wingate against Firstater, my citizenship revocation and the brain surgery order for Spooky. I made a bonfire with a handful of baobab dried leaves and a few pages of my book and the mix burned well and high. Spooky barked, we were free and I sent a kiss to the beautiful lady but then she was on her way to the airport.

Later from the log of the immense fallen tree they made a monument for the victims of natural disasters.

It looks like a big broken boat without survivors on board.

It is located in front of the Bank Leumi and by night the homeless sit there because they can't read the commemorative notice.

And every time I pass by on my way to the beach I send my gratitude to the thunderbolt that slain the tree.

In memoriam .Part one

Spooky died after four days under Valium. I can assure that he had a peaceful transit and noticed nothing.

He was in a very bad shape. Asthma and old age with diabetes made him look for oblivion and I only did my duty carrying out my promise of giving him a good death .

For five days I monitored his debilitating vital signs waiting for the end.

If Valium for us is only a relaxing option to dogs is a lethal poison,slow but deadly.

During his last week on earth he couldn't talk anymore, could not stand on his feet and was using diapers but his eyes expressed everything.

Then he wrote a short note on the pad saying : "I'm afraid.I'm afraid of everything"

Then I understood he was ready to pass away and wanted me to overcome the loss by taking a young dog, one of those new breeds of trained dogs, the techies, created by the US Navy to do the housekeeping at the Arctic fleet atomic submarines .

They needed a few complementary devices: the DWD, the dog's waste disposal isn't too expensive and his insurance money should be enough for a new depart.

But this tale goes to the past when Spooky was my life companion.

Born at the back seat of an abandoned car,no different from his brothers and sisters ,he was the clay under my fingers and I made someone special out of him,never barking,reflexive and quick.He could have ended locked and desperate ,even tied up in a suburban garden but he met me.

While other dogs are taught to retrieve balls, sit and wait, I've let him make his own decisions but he incurred in diverse abuses and the exaggerated consumption of vanilla biscuits associated with Coca Cola produced those terrible ulcers on his skin and tongue known as the Firstater's disease.

Dog's decision making is recent in evolution.

Once he hesitated and got lost for two weeks inside the Rome subway system.

I stepped into the wagon but he was daydreaming out of real time and the train doors closed before he could jump on board.

I came back as soon as I could but he had already jumped on the incoming train and kept searching train after train, day and night , begging the charity

to sustain his new lifestyle and didn't give up until the day one girl talked to him with sweet Spanish words and he could not resist .
Immediately Spooky liked the deep sea odour of her legs, agreed to live with her and asked for his vanilla biscuits.

The subway administration took the responsibility for the regrettable incident and gave me money to buy a new dog but I used that money sending emails asking for help to my ever growing number of contacts until I found Spooky and the girl sitting at one small cyber coffee.

Two weeks had passed by, two weeks he spent with another person but when he saw me Spooky made all kinds of physical demonstrations and barked all of his joy.

The girl was unmoved by the loss but asked compensation for the expenses. Biscuits and shampoo were an expensive luxury in Rome. At that moment I was penniless and only had two brand new leather jackets, one brown, the other black, I found at the Vatican square and apparently she got conformed with the deal.

With her Spooky learned strange caresses and to take immersion baths with bubbles.

She had been the gate for a new feminine world never experienced before since Spooky haven't had a mother or aunts .So she had been his rapid incursion in eroticism but the moment I arrived he turned away and followed me without a second look for her.

In her desolation she wasn't interested on me.

The girl looked accustomed to lose her friends by surprise at street corners and wasn't too much moved to be there again.

In my own confusion I couldn't think of a future with her and to stick together the three of us.

In memoriam. Part two

His heart resisted and my job was heartbreaking.

He vomited repeatedly and each time I slipped more pills down his throat.

Day two

I finished the second flask and ran to the pharmacy

-Good morning, I said to the pharmacist.

- I want to buy Valium for my dog.

- Ho, ho, ho, your dog only needs green grass and a good bitch. You can't have Valium without a prescription and you can't give Valium to a dog.

I can't sell you Valium , take vaccines for him.

So I went to Mr. Korchak room and stole his Valium. At ten in the morning he was probably looking for a job

The poor man wasn't getting his pension anymore since his scam came to light .

Now his pupils also new and no one was coming to take his piano lessons.

And when he could not feed his dog he gave him in adoption to Madame Presto and we all saw the relief of the dog.

Korchak have lied about his age. The true Anton Korchak died in the war and this Korchak, the one we knew, had taken his place.

We all thought that he was going to be put in jail very soon and there will be no one to cash the rent and that was the only good part of all that.

We all loved him but in this country anyone making something wrong later pays for it.

Impersonating another identity is a serious misdeed deserving a punishment.

The true Anton Korchak was his elder brother lost no-one knows during the war and he was Milan, the cadet of the Korchaks.

We still didn't know why he had lied but we could see him wringing his hands and talking in an incomprehensible language.

We suspected that he had taken his sister in law, the widow, for his wife and her sons as his own sons.

This veritable mess happening in a country where things are ruled according to racial and religious beliefs couldn't be overlooked.

That was too much for Korchak and set off the beginning of the end for him.

The fourth day Spooky needed more Valium and I ran to the Physicians for Human Rights, got an amount of Paracetamol and antacid tablets and made the mix. With it he convulsed, tried to cut off his ties with a toothless mouth, shout threats and injuries to me, to God, cursed the life and finally died.

And if it was not prolix is because I am not a cold blooded killer and all have been done as in natural death.

Ours wasn't a suicide pact of dying together. It was about dignity, the dignity of a good dog.

Spooky died at the age of twelve

Spooky died at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night.

Just before dying he had been working on his computer searching for the oldest treasures on earth.

He was sure to be close to a huge mammoth's cemetery holding tons of tusks down the permafrost.

He was planning an ivory future but in my opinion the investment needed for the expedition was inhibitory for us. Simply we couldn't do that, I wasn't ready to waste my money to follow his fantasies.

That night an aneurism snapped in his brain refusing him more time to complete the work he had in mind.

I found his computer running a video of two rhinos having intercourse showing no pleasure at all.

He had hundreds of sex videos taken from the National Geographic archive showing every kind of mammals having sex in weird positions and his own home made collection staring dogs and cats filmed by street survey cameras.

He didn't mind the poor quality and bad definition. That unrated stuff always excited him even at his old age because he was forever hooked by the smell of love and it was always the same fragrance triggering his excitation and the images were only a pretext and the faces a secondary trait.

He loved forever one bitch, the same in different bodies.

I found Spooky rigid and he was not good to see nor even to touch for me. I can't feel love for a corpse. I loved him alive not that thing with a bad rictus, spent eyes and baring the teeth.

I couldn't extricate his nails from the mouse. He wouldn't lose the grip on the mouse so I let him take it to the grave as he himself should have done. Never before I had to convey dead dogs and now this was his funerals . From a backyard I borrowed a discarded baby trolley with the faded colors of sadness and sat his body properly but without a strap it wouldn't stay still. It leaned and banged so I covered his ugly remains with an old plastic tablecloth.

I started pushing the cart toward the river with an idea in mind .

On the way the wheels made Trac -a- Trac-Trac- a-Trac and with the sun burning my eyes I went to the river.

There were many people jogging but nobody put attention on me.

I found a quiet corner and started to dig the hole using a trowel lying prone on the sand.

I excavate the full length of my arm with the head inside the hole, then I lay his body at the bottom and covered with sand, small branches and dried leaves.

At that moment I understood that he couldn't be laid in a tomb without a cross, the only symbol of eternity he could appeal for his upcoming transit and I promised to bring one if that could help.

He was already buried when I understood that sooner or later I should give an explanation about my dog's disappearance.

Spooky had visited many times Dr. Alony, the veterinary at the Bograshov Street parlor .

Spooky liked his touch with the shampoo and his sweet conversation.

The doctor was desolated to know of Spooky's death and gave me the stamped burial permit, the inhumation certificate for the price of one haircut and that wasn't cheap.

He also recommended me to exhume Spooky, to burn the remains and keep the ashes in a beautiful box for a modest price but I declined the offer.

Spooky died at eleven thirty and it was time to publish the decease notice.

I found a small printery run by an orthodox religious family still using the ancient fonts, those used in Yiddish too.

Inside the workshop was dark and three bearded men worked together over one old printing machine.

No one talked and no one saw me coming in.

Whether one man inked the machine every few minutes with a roller, the second fed the machine devouring paper by one side and ejecting printed wedding invitations by the other. A third man was composing the types.

I don't know why did he wear two pairs of lenses one over the other.

Finally when they put attention on me I could order thirty billboards and wrote down the details on a piece of paper.

Spooky Firstater died, no mother's name and no wife because she is better to be forgotten.

His friends , Korchak and me. His many, many sons and daughters will miss his good vibrations. Then I stopped because I couldn't find one name for a

suitable cemetery to bury him and in unexplained impulse I wrote Kibbutz Alumot because I liked that name but it was a lie.

I invented it all, Spooky have never been there, we were not related in any way to that place, so why that name came to my mind is another mystery.

Spooky lived an extraordinary destiny sharing the human thinking, the speech and the aspiration to transcend his condition.

He was the first of his lineage, the patriarch of an immense progeny to come.

Spooky never went to the stars and no God called him.

He was deluded in every one of his beliefs and expectations. Animals haven't an eternal soul, they can't think and don't open water taps.

He couldn't bear the loneliness and the abnormal relation with his kin.

I was the witness of his pain.

All that was my fault.

I want Spooky back

During his last days Spooky renounced to maintain personal hygiene and indulged himself into pissing on the floor.

The bed stunk and nothing could make him lift his attention from the screen.

He never quit the bad habit of eating flies with a quick gulp, and it continued as a mechanical reflex even on his stupor.

He was sustaining himself only on black sweet tea.

Spooky wasn't ready to leave the life but in his last year he had donated his

DNA to nine different laboratories and universities authorizing them to replicate his body and mind under one condition: that his sons, he liked to call them sons, wouldn't undergo inhuman treatment, nevertheless authorising the NASA to send his copies in peace missions to outer space.

He had been very generous giving cloning permits to everyone in the biotech industry pursuing the secret goal of living for ever and for doing that taking advantage of the unending man's greed and their copycat consuming behaviour both associating to create a strong imitative trend enabling him to be replicated over the years and this way gaining a voice in world's affairs but it revealed to be wrong.

He got it all wrong imagining himself living thousands of lives at the same time neglecting the small variations , the mutations experienced by living beings over the time.

For years he had been reluctant to make a single donation of his DNA and when he showed to be closing to dying time I started to harvest everything coming out of him: hair,nails,spit,semen and tears and I even took traces of blood from his stools.

That fantastic dog got old and stupid but I didn't gave up.Nothing was over for us,I needed him for more talk and his loving company.He had to reborn.

I brought the genetic material to the Pets Love Lab.That was my contribution to science and now they could search out why Spooky spoke. Of course as a donor I had some privileges and demanded one offspring for me.

I gave the second box to Dr.Hammond,the famous ethologist controversial for his findings on the evolution of the animal's soul .

He was a man of faith involved in science .

The increasing presence of soul found in animals was not turning them into humans but improving their species.

Hammond saw animals and humankind moving together to a more subtle world,a wonderful promise for all of us.

Lexus is the new Spooky

Three months later I got a call.

Spooky was already cloned and for five hundred Euros I could have one.

The number seventeen of the first series was for me.

Immediately I pressed the key number one to accept but when I couldn't give a valid credit card number the purchase aborted.

I couldn't wait and took the evening train with thousands of exhausted commuters returning home.

The laboratory sat in the middle of an orange grove and I spent the night hiding under the trees to avoid sterile discussions with the security guards and loose the dog.

It was a night of dreams and mosquitoes and two big owls have been repeatedly flying over me but owls are known for their intelligence and they didn't attack.

Early in the morning I returned to the road and just in front of me saw a collective farm .The fence was impressive and I could hear the sound of five hundred live volts vibrating on the wires.

I knew that a water tap had to be somewhere at the gate and understood that it was out of question to be allowed to go inside to the grocery.

At the entrance the guard was okay with me and asked where I was from.

-Argentina,I said and now a Telavivian, I live at downtown Tel Aviv.

-Okay ,come in and have water, is irrigation water good enough for Argentines and other non jews.

I knew it was only his joke. He wasn't really thinking that of me.

At nine o'clock at the factory entrance I was admitted to the inside.

On the walls I saw the photographs of their best premium dogs, voluptuous female cats and an exclusive miniaturized lion designed undoubtedly for millionaires.

I told the secretary that I wanted to buy the Spooky number seventeen. I had two thousand shekels now and was promising to bring the rest of money on Monday morning but the girl didn't understand.

Spooky wasn't Spooky anymore, he had been renamed Lexus.

She said:

- Don't you understand? Our products have a large demand and number seventeen was sold yesterday but don't worry, we will not discontinue the production. First generation sold very well and this was the second wave. You only have to write down your name on the waiting list and we shall call or you give us a call if you prefer.

I couldn't wait and I started to tell her that I was the father of the creature, the man who started all this by giving Spooky genetic material to the world and by logic one dog has to be mine.

I asked to meet the CEO.

She stared doubtfully into my eyes for a few seconds and called the commercial manager.

He listened to my story and called another manager on the phone, he was the production manager. He agreed to see me and one guard escorted me swiftly opening and closing doors along the corridors .

We stopped at one corner, he drew his gun and showing it to me he said that if I aggressed I should never come out of the compound alive.

The biologist supervising the process at the production line asked how much could I pay and offered me a slightly failed newborn for two hundred Euros.

He told me that the product had been affected by a common domestic fly inside the mold during the early stages of foetal development and he assured that all subsequent stages of growth had been completely normal. He showed me where he was growing.

I took a look at the cradle and saw a little whining dog lacking one eye and with no tail.

He was so small that no one could say if he was going to live, to be smart or talk only silly things.

In my opinion his minor physical defect was not an obstacle to configure a open mind willing to learn .

But the product was not warranted, was a take or leave transaction.

The bargain ended when I told him who I was.

I was the breeder of the lineage, the father of the first Spooky.

He smiled in disbelief and accepted one hundred euros for the flawed newborn and for fifty bucks more he made a complete scanning of his body.

The heart was strong ,the tongue well-made and small membranes in the throat were ready to develop into vocal chords.

No problem, one hundred and fifty euros was nothing, the important thing was to have Spooky reborn and now Lexus was ready.

I was sure to make him talk or otherwise I wasn't going to stand the life awaiting for me.

I could foresee hundred petty dogs drinking cold Nescafe sitting at the terraces at Boulevard Rothschild staring at me.

A nightmare with dogs wearing black sunglasses in the city.

That day I got one for me in the original Pets Love Lab package and I had plans for him.

Lexus is growing well

At home I never got tired of watching him grow and I burned marihuana in the ashtray to open new channels in his mind.

That altogether with rock and roll music had to work in the same way it did for us.

What else could I do? It was too early for paradoxes and enigmas.

Lexus began to wake up. He wanted milk and I gave him the best baby brand, good bread and minced turkey meat. But later on he wanted many more things, sweets, the same craving for sweets his father suffered.

I let him grow in silence until I saw him thoughtfully watching the table's legs, the broom and the fluff .

Outside, the world was a huge beautiful place and was time to show him the big game then I sat little Lexus in the basket of my bicycle and for the first time he saw the cars and the trees and looked at me with his little single eye.

Today Lexus is very communicative ,speaks Spanish and English even if sometimes he is misunderstood due to his small difficulty to pronounce the R but I got used to this singularity.

The many other Lexus

In Israel the number of Lexus dogs was growing and they were everywhere and some of them very specialised.

The army had the Astros, they can talk but don't speak.

Purported to carry video cameras to the front line they could switch into fighting mode and if the battlefield was adverse the cameras could be operated as nuclear tactic bombs .

These dogs don't fear death or injury.

Now ,you pay and you can have one.

There are hundreds of the second, third and fourth generation and thousands more are in preparation.

New features will be added,they will perform as health assistants ,physiotherapists and storytellers.

The industry is making them sexless, neuters, obedient and able to switch languages on demand.

All of them speak with the same faked voice.

Made identicals as two water drops those pets can be personalized by coloring ,dressing, piercing or tattooing. Even painted in blue they don't feel humiliated, always smiling,these are the Spooky sons.

Superficial, docile, spending the better of their time watching TV.

But we don't need to highlight superficial differences because our life in the margins of society makes us really different from everybody else.

We walk through the city as witnesses of the decadence ,the end of growth and prosperity.

We don't need that much .Since I quit drinking and smoking I only get high on coffee and tea and a good part of my money goes to that.

Lexus never developed strong habits,popcorn and ice cream weren't chains for him and for a dog was always easy to find something to eat in the street at the time when his stomach allowed him to do so but I never dared to taste what he ate with pleasure.

We have free time and talk a lot .

They don't know their own history.

I tell him our time working with his father in the spectacle but he keeps asking about his mother and I don't know what to say. It is impossible to know who she was.

Hard to say: They made you, they made you and I bought you.

But this is often the beginning of their life narrative.

One inception devoid of love and a life long incapacity to create meaning.

I wrote one story of Spooky and Lexus but there are others more to be told. This is only one part of the whole truth.

The supermarket

When Uri stopped my mission at the kitchen and hired a new face for the job I felt bad, my dreams had been shattered, I could never spare enough money to go to Madagascar and had to go again to South America.

Then I sat at the Pinkas street supermarket not as a protest but to earn money, buy a new backpack, the flight tickets and leave.

The supermarket manager was very kind letting us stay for so long when to make a call and kick me out was quick made but he didn't.

I set a small tablecloth on the sidewalk and sat as a Hindu yogi selling incense sticks made in India, I had everything, patchouli, sandal, fruit of the moon and vanilla.

But most of the people were always in a hurry, didn't saw me sitting there so went and go without giving me nothing, but there were other kind of customers.

Few had a tough for me,I remember the two elders worrying about my bad luck and I think they could because were closer to the Creator and their soul had been shaped in Europe where Jews learned a lot suffering through the centuries making them very different from the vain Israelis.

I remember thr Sefaradi woman asking my benediction for her daughter who was in a need of a good wedding.

Months later I was still sitting on the floor but the girl didn't got married so her mother lost confidence on me, didn't talk to me anymore and gave me nothing.

Every Friday came the electric organ player but sometimes came his brother, the accordionist, and I don't know the reason why these days all the coins were for them as if people really enjoyed that unbearably russian music.

Later I understood that nobody needed my incense sticks and I was wasting my time there,then I stood up and set out to walk searching the shining and valuable things people throw away.

Now I have a new commitment in life and I've connected to an unending provision of bottles and cans.The modern manna was scattered everywhere.

I was born for that ,my hands were magnets drawing the bottles showing up by itself without open the garbage containers as many others do.

Now I was free, I was the crab cleaning the bottom of the sea, I was a big bird but I don't know which one I was.

We live collecting bottles in the street . I know others prefer to harvest in the dark of the night and maybe this way they are taking the big lot but we prefer to sleep by night ,some things are more important than money.

We spend the day in the middle of the traffic, the fumes and the derogatory sights. Lexus doesn't know anything better and he doesn't complain but I don't recommend this lifestyle to anyone.

My problem in the city was the ever growing number of Russian vagabonds .They are mean, they have no mother,no God and no law.

They have nothing to care for,don't wash clothes,leave the dirty ones behind,hide their few belongings under the bushes and forget, drink vodka, quarrel and beat one to the other disfiguring,drawing blood and sometimes one of them fall into a coma and die in a kind of repeated accident.

But my true enemy was the municipal guard staff.

They have vehicles, communications and are really very mean , they only need an order, are waiting for an order to fall on me and I don't know where and when it will occur .I'm not ready,I never was.

Lexus is lost

Russian vagabonds stole my cart and carried Spooky with them .

My mistake was to leave the cart outside trusting the security guard supposed to keep an eye on my belongings as well.

I went to the supermarket as always to sell the bottles and buy something to cook.

The supermarket have all kinds of food but I can live on bread and margarine as Bedouins in the desert needs only dates and milk. I bought rice and eggs and went out to find that Lexus and the cart had been taken away.

As a homeless I got used to some amount of aggression.

In precedent incidents the cart had been pushed and turned on his side by a young soldier with a macabre sense of humor or two Yeshiva students stepping over the incenses sticks in their confrontation with gentiles and subhumans in the neighborhood.

Soldiers and Yeshiva students were very energetics in their jokes and indifferent to the pain inflicted but this time was different. Now the ruthless Russians vagabonds were behind.

In short time the streets filled up with new people, many of them very unpleasant guys always drinking in boulevards and parks watching angrily the urban dwellers, the young mothers and the many kinds of young artists laughing in their mindless contempt because they don't share that same satisfaction.

Those Russians are also homeless as me but so stupids and stunned to the point of aiming at me.

They knew my bags hold only cheap clothes and the dog has a market price near zero.

With luck they would leave the cart two blocks away but first they would spill everything in the street and pick this or that following a non-euclidean logic and break the rest with the sole of the shoes in the classic Asian warfare style.

I could imagine them hiding behind bushes and thorns, among rusted old bicycles and abandoned baby trolleys thus making impossible for me to find my stuff but the only important was Lexus.

If they have him they wouldn't go far because they are sick of tuberculosis, undernourished, feeble and often showing signs of gangrene in arms and legs due to the dirty syringes they share.

Deep inside me one idea was making its way. The whole situation could be interpreted as a clear message to go away .

I am long time defying the open hostility of the neighbours here.

The only reason I live here is that one day of harvesting bottles in North Tel Aviv is the equivalent to an entire week somewhere else.

Here I earn more and faster and it gives me supplementary time for reading and writing.

I know how is life with the poor. In Israel and elsewhere they are violent and uneducated people prone to create problems out of triviality and of course I ran away from places where life stagnates and stinks . No one sane of spirit wants to share a fate of brutality and poorness.

Outside the supermarket those who saw me crying started to laugh.

Then the security guard pointed to the other side of the street and I could see the group of youngster and dogs sitting at the coffee shop . Each one of them was drinking mineral water while looking into the smartphones and my dog was chatting with another Lexus.

Nobody made a gesture when I crossed the street.

I didn't say hello but smiled.

Then one pretty Israeli girl spoke.

-Nobody wants to make you harm,Alfi saw your dog under the sun and wanted to give him water.

-The dog wasn't in the sun and why did you move my shopping cart? I asked.

But I could breathe again,my life wasn't ending and suddenly I felt happy, everything was okay and Lexus wasn't lost.

-Lexus ,what happen to you ? I asked .

And the small girl with the red short hair said:

-Sir,please sit down.We took him here and we need to talk with you.

The smallest dog, the one with the necktie stared at me with an air of superiority and insisted :

-Fernando, please sit down, we want to talk with you.

At that moment I wasn't sure, it could still be good news. Maybe they had a job for me, maybe a free room.

I fetched a chair from the next table and watched them drink water.

They have learned to suck through a straw and can talk to us as equals forgetting they are only smart dogs.

The one with the necktie spoke again:

-Didn't you think you should have given a name to your friend? He has no name, Lexus is only a brand.

-Why do you care and why do you meddle?

-We care a lot because we are neighbors worried of everything we see here and you don't have the minimal conditions for having a dog at charge. Your little friend has been exposed dangerously to the sun and the cold.

-Yes, to the cold and naked and my name is Kobi.

Shouted hysterically Lexus.

-Sir, said the dog with the sunglasses, we know that you have no money, you don't work and we don't know who you are. Kobi is our brother and we are going to help him.

Yesterday the Knesset approved a new bill, the norm for the relationship between all sentient beings living in this country .

Israel is now recognising our rights and we are free to decide with whom we want to live.

Ask Kobi and he will say you Not, not with you.

I look Lexus into the eyes:

-What do you say, are you going with them?

-Yes, I go with my friends but next week I want to see you here and bring me all my belongings .

At that moment he blinked his single eye in a way he never did before.

Koby-Lexus spoke again:

-And if you take a job and have a decent room maybe I will reconsider and be your friend.Do you have a Facebook?

I thought that Lexus knew perfectly well our secret place under the trees behind the big synagogue.

In the past we had a password: The house of God is open to the sinners.

I said only half of the sentence and Lexus laughed.

- And the shopping cart? You scared me a lot.

-What do you have in there?

-I carry everything I need.

-Why don't you leave it somewhere?

-Where?

- You can always leave your luggage at the cab's station.

-You are the second one this morning saying the same thing .And what I'm looking for here if the world is big and I always will be better in my country.

In this city I am the boogie man,the baggy man .It has to be something heavy someone once said.

And the only place I found to keep my shitty things was a security hole, fifty centimetres deep with an iron cover,those urban holes purported for exploding the bombs founded by the streets. Now is my wardrobe and grocery but here nothing is sure, with those russian vagabonds around nobody is really safe.

The girl with the big glasses was now pushing me to the exit door.A vortex of the worst possibilities was whirling in my head and it happened.

I didn't want to be sent again to the Gagon and have to sleep in the same bed with the unconscious drunken whale coughing in my face sticking me his fever and pneumonia.

- Fernando you must go with us to the Gagon,this is the place for you.

Again I got the same feedback from this country.They don't want newcomers, they don't want me .

One more time I was going to sleep on the double bed side by side with the stupid unconscious whale coughing in my face.

Then six municipal guards dressing blue and white uniforms came when I was sitting at the coffee shop with two girls, one noxious boy and four identically Lexus dogs.None of them carried a weapon.

-Is here something wrong?

Asked one of them and they shove me into the patrol car with my three bags but leaving behind the shopping cart.

Arrived to the municipal social welfare office I wasn't surprised to see Ella . Now she was the chief of staff and welcomed me with an expression of amused joy.

I met her twenty years ago when she was somehow innovative, possibly the best social worker I ever met and now she was ruling the office.

-Fernando,Fernando! You are history! She said me showing her intentions. I asked for Ruti but she gave no answer ignoring for sure the whereabouts of dismissed old cases.

Last time I saw Ruti she was going to five daily hours of mandatory occupational therapy at the lafo French Hospital in order to keep her bed at the hostel.

-What did you expected ?

Ella said meaning the abysmal gap between my desires and the facts. Of course my expectations were the same, to have a room and get the unemployment benefits but she said that the country wasn't obliged by law to give me anything at all.

Ella had been doing the same job for the last twenty years and she had lost her faith in inclusiveness,the situation was worsening and the country was

dealing unsuccessfully with it's pariahs, no solution was at seen.No rooms at this side of the green line and they say we are unrecoverable.Maybe is true but I'm not they,why can't people here single out someone from the mass.

This time Siki ,a Spanish speaking passant was appointed to be my social worker.Her mission was to rail me to social sanity.

I was going to learn with her and be re-educated.

I shall not sleep in the street anymore .

I must stay at the shelter.

Learn order and cleanliness .Brush me teeth but I have no teeth.

Siki was very stupid,more than average and I had to come three times a week in order to renew the weekly permit for the homeless shelter.

At the end she said that I wasn't making my part in the conjoint effort and everything was my fault.

The shelter

I spent two months at the homeless shelter even if I wasn't an alcoholic,I was a returning resident,a Jew loving Israel coming back after nine years in South America and needed simple solutions for my needs but instead found myself with the scum of society ,the fourteenth tribe, now hasn't any traditions,values nor future other than slow death by negligence.

And now I will tell things the way I saw from the inside .

Gagon is shit ,living conditions were bad,the place was crowded and there was no future for the miserable people trapped in that absurd dimension .

Gagon was a set of absurd rules,a metaphor of a concentrationary universe with privileges for few, with long staying residents playing cards and

dominoes under the blue eye of beautiful aquariums, those metaphors of closeness and limitations set by the founder of the charity loving to see fishes swimming in circles with no way out.

That was his idea about social peace but I don't think his original plan for the only NGO dealing with extreme exclusion was to be ruled by people labeled as "recovered criminals".

Then I must think that, simply, they took over and now it is a matter of fact that here too they have the upper hand like in others domains.

But why should I live under the rule of the Russian ex prison inmate in charge of the Tel Aviv homeless shelter?

He was very impressive, clearly someone made to be obeyed and his cold blood presence was authentic.

I don't know his background but he was a kind of interloper.

I never saw him saying a word but his assistants knew what to do.

I agree was no easy to appoint a boss there, so why not the stronger one, the meanest?

Can you see a rabbi there? One or two making social work?

I don't want to go back there and I would like to dismantle it rather than perpetuating what Gagon represents.

The residents, Russian homeless use to drink in collective sessions ending in violence.

They hit with the first thing they grab and sometimes one is killed.

Of course I tried to cope with the challenge of dealing with others cultures and values.

I wasn't regular to Central Asia standards and couldn't easily get asleep with the overwhelming smell of dirty socks

It was hard to get along with the gangs struggling for the best bourekas, the good food.

They were always the first to grab the biggest meatballs while others pushed on the line struggling for the sempiternal Kebab coming from the wedding parties we should never go.

I needed to be strong and resilient but couldn't ,I wasn't a freelance reporter in an undercover mission neither a researcher from the Tycho Institute coming to solve the freezer enigma and had not their strength.

I don't know if is time to disclose the truth but after being accused to have stolen a frying pan from the Gagon number Two where I spent two weeks in view of my good behaviour I have to take my self defense in this instance .

The axe of the mystery was the container sitting at the garden.It was the core of the place.

We had there the unique food bank of the fifteen million populated country and every day trucks unloaded the cottage cheese into the cold chamber . One part of those yogurts was immediately distributed to us in the usual disordered and noisy way.

The rest couldn't be stocked for more than one or two days and had to be handed over quickly but I couldn't track that part.

Where those yogurts were going?

But in my nastiness I can suggest that the precious merchandise,because of it regularity, was sold in the occupied territories the same way sardines from the EU intended for the Palestinians refugees were sold at the HaCarmel street market,but flea market was out of this .

Not only that,also mental cruelty was observed inflicted by ones to the others during cleaning time.

Daily sweeping floors was abnormal and showed how far we were from Western standards.

Every morning before opening doors time the floor was flooded with water by three individuals belonging to the inner circle of the conducting clique .

Our two big rooms and the toilets were inundated and the many bags and suitcases piled under the beds had to be taken in a hurry and disposed over the beds for lack of other spaces.

The man holding the hose was clearly having pleasure and showed a sadistic smile on his face and coming out of one old Gulag picture fifty men started to mop altogether for twenty minutes repeating the same strange cleaning ballet.

The dirty water had to be pushed outside to the garden and we performed the frenetic coordinated sweeping dance showing that unity and grace are possible in this world but short lived.

After sweeping with all our strength, but not before, it was time for us to go outside to present before Siki, the social worker, drink another bottle of vodka , go swimming, to the theatre or shopping , we were free but no one could avoid the sole obligation imposed on us in this constellation, if you know what I mean.

Inside the shelter you could feel the tension between two rival groups. Tbilisi people were slowly playing cards in silence showing the back to the Tashkent people slowly playing dominoes never looking one to the other waiting for the day when they will cut the throat one to the other because an old hate they slowly built over the past centuries coming now to the light in Israel, one hundred meters away from the beach where fit tanned bodies were on display as for a beauty competition.

Lexus is gone

Lexus was gone and his life changed for the better, now he knows that everything is different without me, people eat steaks, sleep on feathers and change socks.

Now he will reinsert and assimilate in society unrecognisable for his past and not feeling guilty for the betrayal committed .

Easy made I was evacuated from the landscape and along with his new friends he has the best of life, made himself an insider of the ambient.

He works in the spectacle ,sleeps by day and doesn't sleep alone but the best they have is to live in downtown close to the laundry.

He will never return to me and I can't forget him.

There is only one single eyed dog without tail in all the country and if I search well by the night spots someone may have seen him.

I understand that for someone born here everything is normal as usual. The enemy terrorist launch rocket attacks every year more accurately but Protective Dome is in place and fear is secondary because nobody doubt the army can completely annihilate them in a three days campaign this time.

The enemy is armed to its teeth but Israel is more armed, Israel is richer and stronger than ever and even under the attacks business as usual never stop.

Theaters and museums gets bigger because science here never stops and Kobi will share the delusion of one society under the threat of doom trying to feel better in a Carpe Diem with growing levels of consumption.

Paying Lexus may artificially grow his tail in the length he wants and get a blue eye implant to be more sexy.

Lexus as many others before him could not resist and was caught into the conformity web.

It is not the first case I see in my long walking but he was the first dog taken away from me in hooky pooky manner.

Remains the possibility that he gets bored of everything and starts searching for true love, sense of existence, God, Buddha and Brahma and Love is me, I am his love.

So I will wait for him to come back and to spend the time I will travel by foot walking on the Ayalon superhighway shoulder because I have nothing better to do , also because during the journey I feel that my life is more intense and an excellent teacher for someone willing to learn.

That is the good part but I really don't like to walk all day without getting nowhere but I've spent two months walking on the highway.

Of that time I can't recall too much, then few things draw my attention, maybe the inclined wide turns as those seen in racing circuits , maybe the big wild cat sitting on a branch at sunset and the swarm of flies at Tzomet Ha Hayalim.

My feeling was to be pushing a caddy by the wrong lane of life.

The sun burned my skin and I was the only one to see the big sandstorm from within. Every movement ceased, no cars passed by and I walked eyes wide open breathing hot air through the dust.

I could have protected myself with a wet handkerchief but when one is alone think inside a limited mind frame but when two or three are together , their extended mind can find ideas one man alone may have not found by himself.

For example , I didn't take into account a pulmonary illness slowly killing me the day after because we are all dust in the wind.

Thanks God I had no problems with police as if they shared an understanding of what I was doing in my walking or maybe the decision to allow me walk on the road had been taken in one upper level of command. Everyday they checked my ID in the different places I was passing in my journey. They always gave the good morning and sometimes handed me a bottle of mineral water I found delicious.

I'm sorry I didn't reach Mount Hermon and deluded the expectations they had on me but I don't care because the marvel isn't on a mountain top or in a water spring and their landmarks will not be a limitation for my quest.

One day after the rain I was badly wet and changed my mind.

I walked back to Tel Aviv filled up of that idiocy.

I reached the northern part of the city early on Saturday morning and found as in one Arabian Night's tale the genius had littered the park with all kinds of food for me .

The day before families had been partying in the open leaving behind the remaining cucumbers, small onions, olives, different types of hummus, bread and Coca Cola and I ate and ate from every can and every disposable dish without caring if it was chicken or turkey .

I was alone, nobody was looking at me and after months deprived of all I ate all I could.

The day after I got sick and had a massive diarrhea, one very humiliating experience between the chic bar and the small library and both were open, fortunately people was polite and they pretended I wasn't there and nobody handed me the toilet paper. It was horrible.

During my lifetime the revival of a middle age version of Islam cannibalising itself alongside with global climate change, crazy men and nature shifts are transforming the world. How could I be normal? How do people business as usual?

Lexus came back

One morning Lexus showed up at the supermarket entrance the same day and hour I got there in absence of new ideas and found him waiting for me lying close to the accordion player feet feinting to be asleep but when I came near he raised his head and stayed closed mouth.

I embraced and kissed him asking :

-Today you are here,why?

And he said exactly what I wanted to listen:

-I love you so much and we must stick together.I can't be the kind of dog they want .We are exceptions,we are deviants and now lets go to drink a bottle.

I sat him on the cart and walked while he kept staring forward as watching the sea from a vessel. We took by narrow streets until one small beautiful garden we have never seen before.This is Tel Aviv, plenty of things you discover when is time.

We were fugitives from the system or maybe the system have expelled us but I don't remember because it was so long ago.

-Lexus, why did you left the nice life you had with your friends?

He stayed silent, looked at the trees, at the grass and to the clouds in the sky.Only then replied that he was looking for God and wanted to find a guru,a path to the knowledge, wisdom and salvation.

Lexus wants spirit

I told him that masters don't show up every day but we are not exclusively dependent on them to pursue understanding and inner peace when is possible to learn from the Universe by personal experience even in dream state.

He took a visible interest since hypnopaedia is the new trend in the foreign language studies and he liked very much to sleep.

-Lexus,you dream and forget,this is not made to study French.

I only meant that in night time your mind has no impediments to go wherever it wants to go and in the morning you only have to make it happen,do you understand?

In your sleep you will be given a computer that in fact is your little mind but now online but you can't run the software of your choice.

You connect with something and don't make me say more because I have not the slightest idea of what it is.

We are in the mystery world. Is the big theme wrapped in layers and layers of beliefs and fantasies people have been adding one upon the other along the millenniums, we can't know how things work .

People may think that there is no program to follow and life is devoid of meaning but it is built in our everyday life.

We learn where we stand, what we need and only what we can take.

You will hardly need to study books or follow methods to reach occult powers and get women's favours and we don't make spectacular progress in ten weeks .

But Lexus isn't really understanding because he is dumb as everybody else and believes whatever I tell him:

-During the crescent moon your senses, fans and hair grows. You can see more afar, is good for your penis and fur but avoid the waning moon that takes your energy away, that moon literally eats you.

This was easy and he understood perfectly well . My next teaching was:

-Don't bite anyone in the streets because an enormous dog will come and bite you seven times .

But he made his personal experience and conclude that there was no big dog coming after him and exclaimed the usual declaration of freedom.

-I am free of your chains, you can't enslave me anymore. I have no masters and will do whatever I want.

Young Lexus couldn't see destiny in his life and other lives.

Me I did, I have seen prophecies fulfilling and found myself drawn by the force of reality by ways I wouldn't choose.

- Lexus, you aren't so free as you think .

You didn't ask to be born but you have been issued out of an industrialised process with no tail and only one eye. Starting from those facts you are determined by things you can't control.

Destiny made me to come forward for you, me and not anyone else. You must dig, this has to stimulate your search. Never do what you are told. Use your mind while you have one.

But young Lexus couldn't know destiny and less change it.

We decide to leave

Israel amused us many years but could not last for ever.

Even when we couldn't rent and had to stay outside it was somehow amazing to sleep in backyards and abandoned cellars thinking we were beginners making a start, not losers in failure.

But now something was broken and Lexus wants me to take him out of here.

He says water taste bad and he is bored of living at a besieged fortress where an autoimmune malware is attacking his own organism.

- Yes, Lexus I know that but we can't always run. This time we must stay.

But inside me something was saying that I will do everything to save him.

- Lexus listen, in these cases the best is always to go very far, to a completely different place and start a new life but our first problem is border exit control.

The eighteen years of unpaid fees to Social Security, the ransom machine, may pop up a red notification in the computer and they will never let us get away with it.

This is a totalitarian state where people are under the discretion of all puissant officials having the licence to do whatever they want to citizens under the rule of law.

Here coercion is the rule and in every case the system exclude and expel. Remember that behind every emigrant leaving the country there is story of conflicts with one or more local powers or a former employer refusing to pay deliberately ignoring working hours you accomplished as was our case with the Odeon and the Rialto.

I have always been sensitive to the hired work issue and precisely I couldn't accept to be intimidated by the hard choice between to bow or die of hunger in the middle of the city.

So I reached a compromise, sometimes working the strictly necessary ,other times sitting at the border of the sea because I didn't saw a project to cooperate with and this insight wasn't denied by any new evidence.

I couldn't take seriously the senseless jobs I was given.

I never found or be given a good job neither could hold one for longer knowing from advance that one day soon I was going to be fired by any reason .

This system is one big kind of distorted alchemy transforming human work into pizza and chocolate and the suffering of a continued effort after a dubious satisfaction in millions of wasted lives, only in rare occasions, and by ricochet, achieving artistic realisations, the so called highest human performances which is maybe too much optimistic .

Two,three years for a eighty pages book,out of boredom and disaffection for life cannot be imposed to anyone.

In Israel nothing was granted for me,anything could destabilize my situation.

I could foresee a large range of possibilities going from losing the job of the moment for one single misplaced word to becoming problematic and not matching anymore in the society ending by my expulsion from the country

or worst, be prevented to exit.

I was afraid, anything could happen at any moment.

But today I'm free and I see myself as a kind of adventurer travelling the world without money.

My present lifestyle is much more difficult and complicated than to keep doing whatever one is told. In life I responded by simplifying the proceedings while others think they are in life to play an economic role in the big chessboard of the world.

Living on what I get from random gifts allows me free time to write this journal.

To be devoid of obligations and compromises, not hooked with family ties is my ultimate conquest and this is comparatively not that bad. Now the threat has changed shifting from terror attacks to the common delinquency assailants, again only random bad luck.

We flew out of the country

One day the government announced the creation of two recycling corporations.

Almit for Jews and Alma for Arabs, both sharing the waste and entitled to collect the bottles and cans now considered a national resource as gas and salt and therefore banning non authorised street harvesting and that was the end of our last free way of living.

That April morning was the beginning of a sad winter for us.

Appalled by the evidence and feeling very bad we flew out of the country.

I told Lexus the truth and he knew we were leaving for ever and he agreed to accompany me so I wouldn't forget to speak Hebrew,as he expressed it and that was funny coming from a dog,if you think well.

One day before Passover I took him to the airport.

Passover was holding no good for us and this year we wouldn't stay alone in the street without food.

The trip to the airport was a worrisome experience not knowing beforehand if we could get away or should get stuck due to my debt with the National Social Security Institute .

The girl at the security check desk asked where my beautiful Hebrew came from and I gave her the standard answer .

From kibbutz ,the collective farms globally known by their nice talking and the girl convinced by the usual cliché I uttered opened us the exit gangway.

As any other biotechnological creature the export of the Lexus was forbidden by law.

They couldn't be taken out of the country in a permanent way but this time we got a short exit permit valid only for Aruba.

The security boys sometimes are empathetic with us, live and let live, but never really close their eyes.

It was his first flight and Lexus was afraid.

Dogs must be shipped as cargo and tariff depends on weight.

They are sent into a special cage down inside the belly of the plane and Lexus wasn't easy with that.

He didn't feel sure about the steadiness of the air supply, adequate pressure and temperature .

Will he get the good pressure for his frail body and sufficient air will be provided or something wrong could happen causing his death ?

He wanted to sit with me but I couldn't pay the five seats, all the row only for his caprice.

It looks like all in this world was designed for high revenue customers and one backpacker can not pay the enormous fees other tourists pay .

Those big companies should have differentiated prices,more expensive for the rich ,cheaper for those who need it before revolution arises to wipe out all this bullshit of prices.

Everything for everybody at the just price is only justice.

Lexus feared to die during the flight by accident or wickedness.

It was his strong intuition of the perils to come over him in South America.

He told me his nightmare .He experienced a sudden cold gripping his feet , heat stopped flowing through the pipes.He stood up to have a glass of wine and the bottle was empty,so no wine.

In the dream he wouldn't die only by managing to get to the roof of the world.

He asked me where was located that place and me, even if I knew that the place he dreamt about was Tibet said that was on the Bolivian highlands . And I don't know if he really believed or was only pretending to believe.

Finally we flew each one in his place.I embarked the dog knocked out with a few drops of an elixir for babies provided by El Al and I sat watching the movie while he was downstairs with all the vaccines and his new ID chip this time inserted somewhere in the leg because he refused to be touched on the ears, that was sacred in his beliefs and mines.

We were flying to Aruba and from there we could reach the continental shore in a few hours sail by fishing boat to Margarita ,then Guajira Colombia or Venezuela ,it doesn't make much difference and have all South America for us.

If once I saw someone carrying skies and escalade gear stranded at French Guiana in his way to the Andes.

I was confident that with care and parcimonie my one thousand dollars should be enough to live one year and later we shall see.

During the ten hours flying over the ocean I couldn't sleep and kept repeating the same mantra imploring God to shut for ever the sky,no way back to Israel,a non return for us,please.

Please God,no more,I can't take no more.No-go back-no-go-back-nogobackanymore.I can't stand it no more.

And this way a strong barrier was set in the middle of the Atlantic between Israel and us .

And since I cast the spell it was impossible to lift it and cross the ocean the other way.

And now we are lost in South America, his dead father Spooky remains on the opposite shore standing on his two rear legs staring at us but he cannot be of help .

We landed in Aruba in the morning overflying palm trees,sand and white foam.

The airport was hot and damp.

The place was deserted by visitors and only plainclothes police and few employees were there.

The travel agent hasn't told us about an epidemic of Dengue fever in the island.

Last time mosquitoes and hurricanes have been killing much of the tourist industry but we didn't come so far to see more death ,less to meet it.

These days Israel was again at war against his arch enemy meaner than ever before and by the moment Israel was having the upper hand and we pray to stand to the challenge .

Arrivals were at their lowest and Aruba border police looked bored out of inactivity but when they saw us coming was their joy ,laughter and jokes.

A dog ,a dog,the dog wouldn't survive.

They wanted to see the dog's health certificates and vaccines and mentioned quarantine for Lexus as their way to ask for asking bribes.

Facing the danger of being separated and to remain alone in an island of mute dogs Lexus took five hundred dollars out of his savings and gave it to me saying he wanted to fly to the roof of the world.

-Lexus,you want what? We can't fly to Tibet ,North East Asia,this is out of our budget ,you know that, isn't?

And for four hundred and fifty dollars I got a one way ticket to Bolivia and a wicker basket big enough to accommodate him surrounded by flowers .

He agreed with the plan then I invited him to step inside.

- Lexus ,don't move any more!

This way we reached El Alto Airport at La Paz, Bolivia when outside temperature was five degrees below zero.

During the migration formalities the policemen asked whom was the tail coming out off the flower basket and when I said it was the bride's tail everybody laughed and we reached our new country.

Bolivia

Bolivia is a South American country governed by a personalist president alongside with a myriad of local authorities from their own territories,just like a galaxy of governors.

And harmony between them is perfect, everybody agrees with the others.

I think these are the last days of freedom and peace here and the situation will change when the many problems unsolved will end creating unrest, prices increase, looting,chaos,violence and repression.

That's why I am enjoying these last days while being here is still possible. I am a free travel writer and have a story to tell even under the blow of the burning sun whitening my parka.

With Lexus we have made the long way to the Bolivian plateau where no trees grow naturally and the amount of oxygen is not enough in the atmosphere for a normal human metabolism.

Here in winter time the running water remain frozen until midday.

At four thousand meters above sea level weather is harsh with temperatures sharply dropping at sun fall.

Under intense solar radiation by day and bitter cold by night the sleeping time inside the warm bubble of the tent is the best moment for us and I don't mind if the sleeping bag is ever growing dirtier getting smell of sour dry sweat because in my cocoon I feel at ease and protected .

Lexus sleeps at my feet following the atavic drive for submission but Lexus is sophisticated and covers himself with an alpaca blanket,the finest of all wool,light as silk and very warm.He brought it from one of his morning daily promenades without giving any explanation.

He is certain that the alpaca share with him the serenity of the white mountains we see from the plateau.

I speak fluent Spanish and can communicate with local authorities.I do not address to particulars.

I explain to them that we are globetrotters on our way to some far frontier now looking for a place to stay for a few days .

Luckily town majors give us a big empty room with broken windows in the upper floor in front of the main city square.

Lexus is a part decisive in this having his ways to astonish everyone with his charming behavior.

My companion understand Spanish and respond to the questions moving his head affirmatively or negatively surprising everyone with the uncommon spectacle.

We could have made money out of this but we are here for more elevated aspirations.

Our relationship with the people is thwarted by a subtle atmosphere of disgust towards us and my dog feels vulnerable in the middle of fake smiles and unnecessary vehement salutations.

Bolivia is a cold land now rich in gas but they don't conceive the need to heat indoors.

Home heating is unknown and fire for cooking is made from twigs, moss and manure.

Most of the windows I saw here are broken.

Stone throwing is a widespread children's game and sometimes a piece of cardboard or a newspaper sheet is glued over the broken glass.

Spending long nights inside the tent we have time to think about the past while talking in a very low voice.

He is confident that the doors would open for us without clarify what those doors are and how we would return to Israel.

He wants to go to Israel and doesn't mind if he has to sleep on the beach.

He is sure to find a good place in the Holon sands and dreams of a hut for us in the dunes.

He wants to go but we have nothing in concrete in view.

My intuition is less happy because the effect I created joining my voice to the roar of the turbines was so strong we would never overcome.

But without the spatial gap between Israel and us Lexus could never had the insights of the next civilization and neither I should have written the story of my wonderful dogs.

Lexus has apocalyptic visions of the upcoming accelerating climate change.

He can see an escenario of crowds coming from the flooded lowlands

clashing with the Aymaras and Quechuas at the roof of the world and once again one errant tribe will be the new chosen people guided by a new Abraham, the patriarch of desperates.

Maybe but I have nothing to do with the bizarre visions of a wise dog, I am standing here and now before the catastrophe.

We try to save money by eating mostly rice with potatoes and hot sweet black tea because I neither have time to do more cooking, rice is the cheapest staple and we don't like noodles.

Here noodles are served with chili over a piece of strong paper, of course we have tasted but I still dream of my mother's food.

There are plenty of street vendors selling fried chicken and pork dishes but the probabilities of getting sick are higher than you may think.

Lexus eats the local pet food plenty of vitamins and this is good for his fur but he fears that's turning him impotent and maybe is true but this is not important.

After five hundred years of colonial oppression most of the local dogs are uneducated, stubborn and hopelessly stuck in evolution and by the freezing nights outside in the dark hundred dogs bark the unending bestial feeling of old emotions.

Outside in the cold nights large groups of street dogs fight endless territorial disputes generating ferocious night battles.

The wild howls made a long-standing effect in Lexus spirit afraid of a widespread violence he can't understand.

Lexus felt sorry for them and I also keep those barks as wounds forever in my soul.

Lexus can't sleep and uses the radio headphones to listen the blank white noise and sometimes this way he can fall asleep.

This I taught him too.

He is in the particular state of mind of a stranded dog in a foreign world and is aware of the huge sea of stupidity surrounding us.

He thinks those dogs are losing the bond with humans even if are still dependent on the reliefs left by humans.

Today they are sticking together in growing numbers usually in a peaceful manner but sometimes going into violent disputes.

They were carnivore hunters converted to garbage eaters but this may shift again to past behaviours going back to the pack life and become predators. Now dogs aren't afraid anymore, they are mocking fear, still simulate respect and submission until the defying hour when men will be the prey of those new types of beasts of every colour and size.

At the rooftop of the world

I want to tell of the time we spent in the highlands.

I want to tell everything but things I forgot I can't tell.

Lexus doesn't want to be mentioned in the story and I hope it is only a passing malaise.

Lexus wanted to live the experience at the rooftop of the world and all was a bad idea of him or I may say was the force of joblessness and homelessness pushing me here with one loving dog.

The fact is that we spent that winter moving in a subtle atmosphere of hate without learning a single word of the local languages.

We live among indigenous people but not with them even if I know of foreigners living with the Aymaras misled by stories about Titicaca lake as being the next top of the world and of a cosmic ray of awakening beaming through the space will reach the surface irradiating wisdom to everyone .

From our side we conclude that here is no wisdom to be found and almost nothing else good to learn but the cost of living is the lowest in western hemisphere and that compensate for the downsides.

And we would stay in the utmost alien place instead of going back to Israel but to break free from the Western way of life was harder than we thought. We dived deep inside to unplug ourselves, we travelled the further we could losing all past contacts, we lived in foreign, primitive cultures but nothing worked out.

We couldn't cut off the bonds with one world that has never been ours ,we tried hard to disconnect and forget

Lexus is depressed and he is not speaking anymore.

His bodily expression denotes suffering.He is losing weight and chews too much coca leaves.Lexus is the first dog ever demanding coca.

Now he eats garbage and fucks with the first bitch without saying a single word before or after.

In our zigzag journey we go forth and back as knitting the time with a pattern we don't understand.

We are living in a non future I tried to tell in the journal but I can't state if we are advancing or going backwards in evolution.

Time goes fast,today faster than yesterday.

We are distracted in our daily life but life is going to end.

We will die and be bones inside the tent flapping under the wind, this is what is going to happen.

In the cheapest room at the cheapest hotel at Moquegua, the mattress is filled with dry cash and the rain gets in from under the door .

A foreigner stays there,one day he came and never left.

I supposed he doesn't want to go back to his country and didn't ask because it was too much sad.

I will do the same,I have problems,mainly I can't go back to Israel without money for the ticket and it will be easy to find a dry grass mattress at the cheapest room without windows.

We follow traveling together

I cannot live without him and he would not live without me .

Without me he could not have done the things he did.

Without me he would never have traveled to distant lands or be immortalized in a book.

And everyday he recognizes the advantages of the association when I carry the bags and cook our meals while he stares at me thoughtfully, naps or takes a walk not going too far.

He keep silent and has to because if it comes be known that the dog speaks people would kill us, man and dog together in the same bonfire.

And Lexus made the obvious ,he retired inside his head and lived in a thoughtful reverie where questions and answers bloomed.

And he didn't regret all those years spent in a world without books and screens because it hasn't been an impoverishment for him, on the contrary, he always felt good and free inside his own world and there he thinks and dreams and laughs .

This could be seen as the description of a dog plunged in a deep mental trouble but take in mind the whole situation and the danger associated.

He is amazed at the narrowness of spirit of human beings we find in our journey and their incomprehension of other realities beyond the circumstance itself.

Here a foreigner with a dog has many things to explain.

-What is your work, gringo?

-Do you come to work and how do you live?

-Why do you travel, why do you write, do you get paid for that?

-Where are you coming from?

-How much money did you bring?

-What is your business here, gringo?

Are you looking for a job?

-How do you earn money?

- Why do you travel, do you like that?

-Are you coming to visit, are you paid for that?

-You come to look, maybe you are paid for it?

-How long have you been here?

-I've been seeing you here a long time!

-Go to your country, there you will have everything!

-How much money do you have?

- What are you looking for? May I help you?

They ask me if I have a spouse and a home in my country and when I say I do not immediately they think to have understood the true reasons of my trip.

Here the growth and expansion of the economy is an undisputed faith and one that does not succeed is a failure.

Living with one dollar per day is not anyone's ideal here.

I tell them that I write my books on the library's computer but writing is a school task and writing on the computer is an office job, nobody writes in streets and squares and reading is reading the Bible, not other books have reached this place.

They say that the man who thinks a lot is thinking something bad.

To think in excess and to stay alone is not normal, that generates a deep distrust, the normal is to tell jokes and to laugh.

What I do seems an unacceptable way of existing.

With what right I am traveling when in life you have to work until the last day.

The limitations of their minds do not allow them to see me well. I did not find one that would appreciate me and they already warned me that God will punish me for my laziness.

For them to work in the field with a machete, that's a real job but writing if nothing is earned is not a worthwhile job.

And when I went to the stationary looking for a pen and asked for a blue or black ink pen the saleswomen avoided looking at me and didn't answer as if I wasn't talking Spanish but the words lapicero, lapicera are Spanish.

I started to look among the exposed merchandise until I saw a box of pens and pointed it out to one of the sellers. Then she said that it was a "spherograph", a "boligraph" and that I was asking for something they did not sell.

Begging with Lexus in Chile

Art is the best we have in our lives and must be embedded in everyday life.

Last summer begging in Chile was part of my art.

My fellows young Argentinians juggle with balls at city traffic lights gathering coins to support their lives.

My friend Clarita puts on a clown's nose and paints her face in white to make the ninety seconds show, the time of the red light changes .

And I did an old gag but well elaborated walking through popular neighbourhoods and ringing bells house by house begging for money.

Here it is licit activity but don't think is something easy or simple to master.It takes a lot of courage and a high level of self-esteem to do.

Normal people understood my problem and it wasn't necessary to tell everything to everyone.I was the common beggar coming almost every day and they never asked more explanations .Few times they asked where I come from and I said Uruguay or Paraguay, depending,or if my son don't say me Father come home .

No ,he doesn't say that at all.

They were somehow startled because I look different but accepted that as a collateral effect of drugs, here mainly crack.

They are used to give money or food or both.I know that in the past they were more generous than today and this is understandably because we are in a transition from good to bad times.

In the process I needed to talk with many kinds of people,with the first one showing at the door and I developed a certain expertise.

I had to find the precise language conveying the message to make me understand by diverse kinds of people and when it was done I pocket the money and got away.

It was a hard job and that's why there is a recompense.

Lexus accompanied me without one single reproach and only said that he wouldn't allow me to drink anymore but was up to follow me in this adventure and the next.

Lexus was very intelligent and made his role walking very relaxed behind me, smelling this or that and I never bothered him about his practice of testing samples of garbage with his tongue.

Always friendly with every other dog he never got tired of smelling their body odours but he knew to avoid sick dogs.

He could smell them from afar and when he was afraid of being attacked he stood close to my feet and that was the signal for me to throw the stone to the intruder,that was my part of the deal.

We were two artists,one playing piano and the other playing violin and my violin was an electric one.

We spent those months in a very productive way and all has been done perfectly thanks to Lexus help.Along I couldn't have made what we did together.

His mind was performing better than ever this time acting like a radar and X rays for the human soul.

This way he guided me on the uncharted streets of twenty different towns. He was able to tap into some kind of hidden resource and take me out of those places without a scratch.

Lexus's help was fundamental to succeed.

He gave me the serenity I needed and taught me to remain unmoved under the condescending looks and injurious comments and not be afraid of the provocations .

With many youngsters ready to start trouble the better was to say nothing,not looking at them and stay calm.

Chileans in the popular neighbourhoods are prone to physical violence and their unreasoned behavior makes preferable to stay away.

Now I know that those days Lexus literally saved my life and only later I understood that I could have been murdered in any of those places when I was unaware about the hazards.

Moving the tail and ears he signaled me the houses to approach and those to avoid when nobody was at home or people inside were nasty.

From three meters away he could smell and decipher subtle chemical messages and with the data he decided the action,if to turn away or follow with protocol number one,two or three.

Number one was about one ticket to go back home but it wasn't working anymore since it has been repeated by all the vagabonds everywhere.

The second was better.

I showed one worn recipe for drops, a very expensive ophthalmologic medicine I needed or I should lose my sight.

And that was understood, people empathised because eyes are delicate, and everybody is aware of that.

Number three was the best :

I was unemployed, had no family, no home and no friends but I had to eat everyday as anybody else. I needed bread, milk, hygienic paper and so on. That was easily understood because everyone needs the same basics during his or her lifetime .

I don't know how much tonnes of stuff we need for living, I never saw the estimate. I calculate that it can take about one million dollars to sustain one person for seventy years, it is a lot of money but is the price of living. I wasn't aware of that and now I'm flabbergasted and I don't know how I will pay for me.

Is true that vagabonds just want wine but I don't drink, I am an intellectual and needed to buy a tablet . One idea, an ideal , the intensity of the desire justified what I did.

I spared coin over coin during three months and the laboriousness of the proceeding was acceptable taking in mind where we were and who we are.

We moved all the time visiting each day a different neighbourhood in another town but this finished when cold weather and rain arrived and we had to leave for the milder north of the country , that time we had the money for the tablet .

When I started to write seeing those small black letters in order and with meaning even my drafts looked like books, then all was justified.

The tablet was a miracle of science, technology and love, the product of the work, the effort of many people and also of our time under the sun, being, thinking, talking and waiting without failing or falling into unproductive daydreams dealing nowhere .

Trying to buy a bicycle

We wanted to buy the best possible bike, big, strong and fast, one unbreakable, lasting for years and with a wide sidecart for Lexus to travel comfortably looking forward.

We needed the bicycle to go to Argentina where is very difficult to hitchhike and move reasonably fast.

We wanted to tour the country despite the cold and the heat but we never thought doing it walking. Argentina was interesting to us due to it's differences with the mostly populated indigenous neighboring countries.

Fortunately I still had the one hundred dollars my mother had sent me to buy shoes and the pills for the high blood pressure that I have been saving for this one purchase.

The decision was made, we would continue riding a bicycle, by boat or using whatever mean of transport it takes and nothing would stop us. We just had to find a bicycle with those characteristics and buy it.

There is a game that's always present in the Bolivian markets and surroundings.

Its practitioners set up small tables in the sidewalks and draw people passing by, encouraging them to participate and win. With a set of hands, very quickly, the officiant hides the bean in one of the three small cups and people must guess in which one is the bean.

People think they know, they saw the bean inside the cup of the middle but they are wrong and the money from the modest bets goes to the operator's pocket in a new demonstration that the hand is always faster than the unwary eye.

The tone is given, there are people more awoken than average and the others are fools.

Few are the winners at the life's game and fools are many.

The markets are large spaces of the cities dedicated to the retailing commerce sometimes occupying ten or more, dense, compact blocks plenty of stalls covered with large awnings protecting them from the sun and the rain.

In the markets all the hairdressers are in the same street and the tailors in another street, over there are plates of earthenware and in another street are selling cups and plastic buckets but the spoons, forks and knives are sold in another street

There is everything but in a way of dispersion that requires paying close attention and having time to search.

Then I found the precise street where are located the shops selling bicycles but all of them sold the same model of bicycle not fitting my most basic requirements.

It is necessary to understand that in Bolivia there are rules and in the markets the rules are met. To begin with, for a gringo everything is more expensive because it was always believed that foreigners come with a lot of money, they do not understand anything and will pay whatever they are told and those things have not changed since the beginnings of time .

If you touch an apple you cannot go away with that, better you take it, you have to pay for it and nothing has happened.

If you ask a lot you will be told to go to another store and do not want to ask if the bread is fresh because doubts are not allowed and if you show interest in an article immediately the price will increase because that is the thermodynamics of this market

In Bolivia it is not enough to have money to buy because the trade is above all a psychological drama where one comes into contact with the most important part of the seller's life where his emotions are played and he will prefer not to sell if it is not in his own way.

The seller stands between the object and the client. He will always interpose hiding the object and will ask:

- What do you want, what do you look for?

And he will not allow anyone to look closely as hiding a defect, a failure that is only in his personality and society and not in the merchandise.

The seller puts pressure on the buyer and imposes its conditions, then, to make the transaction you must be lucky or not.

Hopefully ,everything will be quick and easy or else it will be a laborious entanglement.

I always clash with the merchants because I am clumsy and seems dominant to them. They do not tolerate too much inquiries and locked up themselves into their obstinacy.

They will not look and will not answer, turning themselves into stone and there will be no reconnection even if I apologize or try saying something funny, the evil is already done and has no arrangement.

That's why we left other possibilities open, are plans B, C and D.

One is not buying anything at all.

The two is to steal the bicycle and the third would be to find the right bicycle by chance under a tree as it happened once to me in Tel Aviv for Independence day.

I do not do what I want but what I can and I think destiny must solve these things in its own way and it is not the same to buy something with money as to receive it from heaven.

Those of us who have the privilege of having a good treatment from God in this life will not be surprised that what we wanted so much, what we needed or thought we needed, should be presented in a surprising way or

never be presented without any explanation that suits us.

The trip to the land of the tea

The next fifty kilometers aren't easy because few cars take this road .At this hour the road is empty and last year was the same and again I feel to be repeating the trip .

I spent hours waiting for a lift under the sun without knowing that an opaque haze was awaiting ahead and it was going to rain all night.

Two buses passed by and refused me a lift because,as they said, nothing is free and today I discovered that money moves everything in the world and my distance with that world.

I realise that this system stands on the people's acceptance of the normalcy of everything that exists .Nobody really disagrees with the evident.

The personal identification with the rules is the core of the system that have filled all aspects of life.

Meanwhile I am on a trip to Palora to buy one kilo of black tea ,a local Ceylon Tea and the rest is secondary .

Palora is an empty long avenue under the burning sun.

I travel with a backpack and a dog and people ask me if I always have made this kind of life.

I say to them that I have made many things and the only one awaiting me is my own burial .

But they haven't my problems and spend their time sitting with family and neighbours laughing noisily but I guess that inside themselves they feel frustrated,immerse in conformism and stagnation .

I prefer to not see,not talk and not listen at their silly comments.

I try to avoid them and that's why they don't like me.

They are resented because I give no explanations.

For them my life is unacceptable and I have no right to do what I'm doing because everybody has to work until the last day of his life .She was a lady trading in rice,buying cheap and selling expensive, believing to be doing the correct, said me that God will punish my idleness.

A foreigner travelling with one dog has many things to explain and must give an account of his intentions and means of life .

We are supposed to say who we are and why we came here .

-What is your business Mister (or Master or Gringo) and what are you doing?

-Are you coming only for seeing ,are you paid for that?

- Are you looking for work,how do you earn money?

- Why do you travel,you like it?

-What are you looking for?

-How much money do you have?

-What are you doing?

-Are you writing ,are you paid for it?

-Yes and not.

I write in the computer,but to write is children's homework and to write on computers is only office paperwork.

Nobody write in the streets.

-What do you study ,are you studying the Bible?

Read is to read the Bible,no one reads anything else, and too much thinking is to think in bad things.

To think too much and stay alone aren't good things,is suspicious.The normalcy is to tell stupid jokes and laugh.

They ask me if I have a spouse,a house,a property in my country,because here everyone has one made of mudden bricks ,and when I say not, I don't have a home then they understand the true reasons behind my journey. And of course to live with one dollar a day is not the desire of anyone here. The expansion of the economy is undiscussed .If you don't succeed you are a loser .

Only the work with a machete in the farm is real work and to write without getting paid is a foolish mistake.

How much do you have your worth is an undiscussed paradigm and even poor people share this conviction embedded deep in their mind and nobody can change that.

Christianity couldn't introduce compassion and nobody can.

They refuse me bread at the church and medicines in the hospital evoking absurd motives and blatant lies following nonsensical reasoning that can confuse any unprepared novice .

The nurses often say that one tablet of Aspirin is enough for my hypertension,Paracetamol is good for everything and Ibuprofen is reserved for the worst cases .

-Go to your country Sir,there you will have everything.

That man,that man is me, one man that presumes to be different .

And from people came out the emotional pest showing how it sticks and people that before were my friends discovered my flaws.They distorted,they invented a problem and called police and police came but they are more intelligent than the average and also knew me from before and only said me that I don't have to quarrel with the children.

Lexus smells the soil

In the kilometer one thousand of the old road to the north Lexus was surprised to find a pyramid originally made of mud bricks now damaged by the rains.

The soil was crumbling and would not last much longer, then it would be a mound without interest.

There were three pyramids belonging to a vanished indigenous culture inexplicably left on the edge of a paved road in the middle of mango and papaya crops of the export agroindustry.

We were again in Lambayeque and as usual the weather was very hot.

Lexus seemed never tired of smelling every inch of dirt.

In his own way and in all seriousness, he was reading a story written in smells of sweat , garbage and bones.

I asked him to tell me but he did not answer. I let him continue.

Then I asked again what it was, what he could find out.

He was slow to answer and looked at me for a long time before saying:

- What, what happens ...? As if he woke up from a dream.

If verbalizing is proof that we think and understand, my dog was no exception but now he was pretending to conceal something.

And when his first impression of horror vanished, he told me a strange story where the Indians lived lives absolutely patterned and subjected to traditions, from the designs in the fabrics to the way of working in agriculture, the desires and thoughts. Everything had been arranged by the gods.

The world was ordered from the beginning and would change only in a cataclysm at the end of a cosmic cycle.

Men were subordinated to an eternal plan in an infinite present that left no way open and offered no hope.

People were afraid, the stones spoke, the trees watched and listened and could even rape a woman, leave her pregnant or kill her. Nobody could say that the human being was the master of the world, other beings were, the man was not.

When the Spaniards arrived, they did not understand anything.

They broke stone idols and broke the dream.

People woke up and did not know who they were, what they should do or what to think but they went back to the fields of corn and potatoes.

They spent several centuries waiting and still today they cling to what they lost even if it was terrifying, which proves that you can not change mentalities that were subjugated by something that took over them and that does not release them. They are still waiting for Atahualpa to return and if he returns he will do immense damage.

I ask Lexus and he shrugs as if to say: Nothing to do, they suffered when being governed by the gods but remained faithful

At the hospital

One morning Lexus was feeling so bad that I took him to the hospital even if it was too early to find a doctor.

Doctors would arrive later in the morning and soon after they would leave in a hurry going to see other patients.

Paradoxically the absent physician is very frequent here in hospitals and there is a small window of time when doctors come and do everything and in the meantime nurses have to do whatever is needed with the precise instructions of not intervene in case of natural death and try not to induce

it.

The hospital is the decorum of transit, a large part of the population comes to the hospital when is too late to heal and nothing is done to change the outcome.

Natural death has no cure and people agreed that when time has come every human being has to close the eyes and die.

In some cases that can be avoided by refusing to accept the verdict and elder people knows it and that's why they don't want to go to hospitals but at the end relatives carries them to the appointment and nobody frail and debilitated miss the rendezvous.

Of course animals are forbidden inside even if I saw once a hospital colonized by cats, hundreds of them roaming everywhere .

And when nurses saw me enter with the dog in my arms they tried to impede me enter, luckily there were no guards at the entry door and I tried to reason with them.

I said I was coming to sell the dog, this dog was a good hunter , a very expensive one and if they wanted to inseminate their bitches I will only ask for a tip.

Fortunately the doctor heard our voices outside and went out to look what was happening.

The doctor was a young man, a beginner and sometimes they are the best because afterwards experience makes them to become insensitive.

We started talking and I showed him my dog asleep in my arms and begged him to cure

At that moment the doctor told me with sincerity that he did not know what was the normal heart rate of a healthy dog neither his body temperature but that his friend, the only veterinarian of the town, could tell him.

He made me enter and sit in a gray-green metal chair and I could see the stretcher, the folding screen and I was confident that everything would be

fine.

Just that day the doctor did not have credit in his cell phone to make a call and I do not have a phone either, that was making the Lexus health issue even more complicated, this way he could die from a mild indigestion turning into a generalized and hopeless breakdown.

The doctor advised me to go to the sea shore because the cold weather in the mountains makes my malnourished dog sick.

He recommended heat, a lot of sun and eating cow liver at least twice a week, then he made a recipe for complex B vitamin, the most potent healing drug available could take the dog out of this punctual ailment in a week of time.

I don't like nurses and nurses hates me. It has always been this way.

I'm not from here and they must serve ecuadorians first, peruvians first, not me.

And to deny me some pills the nurses always use all sorts of flagrant and counterintuitive lies in an absurd reasoning that would confuse anyone unprepared.

They prefer the medicines rot in the shelf because they are incapable of giving, they can't, that's the true music of their lives and comes from within.

A generalized pettiness is manifested throughout the management of public services and nurses will state that ten tablets of Enalapril are enough to cure hypertension, Ibuprofen works for everything and Paracetamol is indicate for the most severe cases of cancer.

Complex B with folic acid came in injection, then the youngest of the nurses came ahead and put him the intramuscularly injection in his buttock. I truly felt grateful for this but couldn't express it because she turned away and the privileged moment was over.

Dogs cannot lie and their body attitude express all.

They lie down and tremble between life and death, and until the last moment they remain open eyed to see who comes and who goes, they

listen to noises the ears oriented towards the sound and watch without judging, just recording the input in a memory without interpretations
And while dying they look with one eye and from that eye comes a last tear feeling life fading away .

This is how dogs react that never before understood or anticipated death and did not feel the anguish of finitude because dogs can't do abstract thinking.

Despite the bad life they endures they are stronger than humans, dogs can withstand the bitter cold of a winter night in the open lying on the stone curled on themselves ,disconnect of everything and sleep where I would tremble without finding rest.

Lexus survived thanks to a brew made of leaves, flowers and roots that took him out of a deep anemia he had been dragging for years until he began the treatment of herbs that seemed to have served him.

Each day I gave him cool tea by teaspoons in his mouth. He gulped that without comments and went back to sleep.

I saw him improving and let him rest.

Lexus died in a road accident

Lexus died in a road accident when coming back from church.

It was a sunny morning and I was sitting in our tent outside town.

Early that day Lexus was gone to attend mass without my permission.

He walked two kilometres by the roadside without my permission but that wasn't the first time and I have got accustomed to his getaways.

At four o'clock he wasn't back and I went out looking for him and less than a kilometre away I found him dead,his broken body lying beside the road.

His injuries had to be internal and I only saw some dried blood spilled out of his mouth.

I can't say if he committed suicide or not.

I have no way to assert or deny.

I don't want to think he deliberately jumped under a truck wheels.

We used to go to the churches only to ask for food aid and what we got out depended on luck.

Very often they saw me as a false poor because the authentic is easily recognised at his mental confusion and dejected aspect .

The true real poor shows a sort of dysfunctionality in the present and this is his authenticity label.

With my foreign appearance I wasn't able to fool anyone and of course I presented myself as a tourist journeying around the continent without money. That was it.

I haven't been robbed and I didn't want to return to my country.

I was making the life of my choice and begging was only a simple way to get some food stuff because if I had to pay for every single thing in my eighteen years long journey I should have needed more than one million dollar.

But it wasn't easy to be understood and sometimes the priest said me to come for Christmas time .

That morning the church was open and we entered out of curiosity, also to enjoy some tranquility after the noisy street .

I saw Lexus astonished watching the statues of the saints and that morning he discovered the saint with the dog at his feet.

He asked me and I told him the basics, he was Saint Francis and could speak the language of animals, birds and tell them about the goodness of God .

I don't know what changed in his mind that wasn't there before because he never told me.

I didn't pay much attention thinking that maybe it was only one new temporary infatuation as his precedents quests in Zen and Existentialism. But from that moment on Lexus underwent a change and was never the same.

It was a sudden conversion and he started to go regularly to church even if he had to hide behind the pillars of the temple or under people's feet but he could do that very well.

One dog lying on the floor was another street dog looking for shadow or a pet belonging to one of the congregated .

I know he didn't liked the sermons of the priest mixing God's law with the current public opinion on sexual morality and the family as a God given institution neither the dumb songs people sing in their childish relationship with God but as he said ,something valuable lasted in that call of humans toward God.

I always thought that he was a pantheistic dog seeing the divinity everywhere and his true religiosity was his emotion in front of the tallest tree on the road or his admiration for the complex accomplishment of men he found on the Internet and many more things worthy of praise so his last turning to the altars was very surprising .

Maybe he presented his death and was preparing himself to die well. And one day Lexus died in a road accident when coming back from church.

Our long South American journey affected him in a way I was unaware of. I knew that he was feeling very sad,each year more sad and I should have noticed he was falling in depression before it worsened. But what could be so wrong in spending fifteen years travelling throughout five countries if he had nothing better to do?

I think his life wasn't that bad taking into consideration other possible destinies like to be a cabaret artist as his father was and could not sustain forever the same defiant stand and had to surrender to the general discourse.

Was that or to live an outlaw's life as Lexus did in my company.

Lexus, the Israel made dog, travelled all his life with me.

Alone by himself he could never have made that intensive life plenty of experiences and teachings. Without me he could never have made all those travels to faraway lands neither to be immortalised in one book.

And those years without books and screens developed his mind, his inner visions and insights. questions and answers were blooming.

The meaning of life

Where do we go after death.

Why sex is so complicated.

How to govern a society.

Do dogs go to paradise, and how.

All questions he filled by shortcutting in a hurry with one strong faith in God.

Had him a human soul to do that and it will be receivable?

That afternoon I only could pull his body three meters away from the road and went back to the petrol station to borrow a shovel.

Back to the place I dug in the public strip of land known as shoulder of the road, made a hole and put him inside, covered everything with soil, branches and leaves and went away.

It was the second time he died and that was unreal. I was feeling bad.

I thought that there will be no one to bury me.

I know these things happen every day but I don't know if I deserve it.

Zeuro, my third dog

Zeuro is my third dog, the one who came to give me peace after those two so complicated and full of problems.

Zeuro is a good dog with no special gift.

He was one of those stray dogs roaming the city without a collar, without aim, simply living, waiting for no one.

Sometimes I go to the parks to read and really do not want to see anyone but that afternoon a dog came shyly wagging his tail as many other dogs did before him.

I am curious of these small lives, they are so funny and naive and I always like to play with them, so I gave him a piece of bread and predictably he gulped it.

Then I threw him more bread assuming was all he wanted. He looked at me, watched at the piece of bread and swallowed it without chewing, then seeing how hungry he was I gave him more.

Watching him satiating his hunger felt good. I'm not a good soul but I know that making him happy is also good for me, everyone can easily experience the feelings of peace of mind or sorrow we can easily arouse in others.

He followed eating until he couldn't take anymore and was comic to see how, unable to swallow, he tasted the last piece delicately with the tip of the tongue, looked at me and wagged his tail.

With him I shared half of my bread but the bigger part, of course, was for me.

Afterwards I raised my arms like a scarecrow as I always do to scare them away and put an end to one brief pleasant encounter but the dog didn't move.

Surprisingly he was not frightened and had a lot of fun.
And when I stood up and started to walk he followed me .The magic has worked,now the dog was mine and he had a man for him.A new bond in life was made and it doesn't happen every day.

Today Zeuro is a young dog ,very calm and is learning with me.When I talk to him he looks attentively and moves the tail,sometimes licks my hand. He may like it but I don't.

I teach him not to throw himself over the food,to chew slowly and not to respond to the barking of unknown dogs.

He can growl but nothing more sonorous than that.

He can shit and piss anytime and anywhere, can smell and be smelled but always avoiding contact with the sick ones recognisables at their unhealthy body language ,they must be kept at large.

Zeuro understand the rules and the reasons behind the warnings and does not approach or let himself approach and that is what matters when you live outdoors feeling to be a sitting duck at some freaky amusement park .

Zeuro watch and learns, understands maybe fifty words but I do not know what he thinks because he can't tell me.

But definitely I know he thinks because they all do,I could see that with Spooky and Lexus.

We spent the first year traveling together and everything was fine but afterwards his character started to change for the bad.He became fat,lazy ,heavy and unwilling to walk .

I couldn't carry him and two heavy backpacks altogether much longer.

I could not push one huge dog refusing to move like a stubborn mule.

It was clear that I had to do something but wasn't sure what,if force him to lose weight or find another way of transport or find a house for me with a garden for him.

Then I had the idea of buying a bicycle coupled with a delivery cart, one of those used to sell bread or vegetables, manufactured in Peru,the typical

tricycle spread everywhere in the Titicaca area ,the local rickshaw used in the Andes plateau to carry small loads or a couple of sitting passengers. Was not that expensive, I had the money and I we went there to buy one.

Five months have elapsed since we came to Argentina and our relationship improved.We don't speak that much,he is not the funniest dog of my life but we keep going.

This is about traveling, traveling quietly and slowly looking at everything, stopping wherever we want, finding good places to camp away from the curious,tge marauders and evildoers whose numbers are growing at an ever faster rates,on the issue Spooky should have said that these are at the Last Days ,the catch everything argument.

So we sleep hidden behind the trees and early in the morning we follow traveling together by the never ending country.

I asked him if he wants to come with me and agrees to make this life. He looked at me and yawned. That means yes.

The end

Words from the author

I have the true Spooky but I don't know where it came from.

Where is the source of all the stories and why I have the honor to tell this one.Never before I had told an imaginary story,this is my first one and the outcome is that today I believe I have been living in Israel and the dog spoke.

I started writing two short stories about my two precedent dogs Bienvenu and Euro,then one cold morning in Chile Spooky came to me in English language starting by his death and returning to life.

That was a kind of connection I accepted surprised and thankfully.

I understand that I am not the owner of the book since the original idea for the character came from a spiritual writer living in another plane of existence and we became pen partners in a sort of four hands literature . Hard to say why people write and why for but I can tell my reasons,I publish to show what I know to do,who I am and who I was even then when I was drinking in the Spooky times but I'm not sure that anything will change people's opinions because the majority is impervious to the literary charm and nobody like dogs speaking.

For me it should be enough not to be sent again to the mattress or the sausage factory ,the only important is survival through hominization with all the byproducts of the process,the rest is secondary .